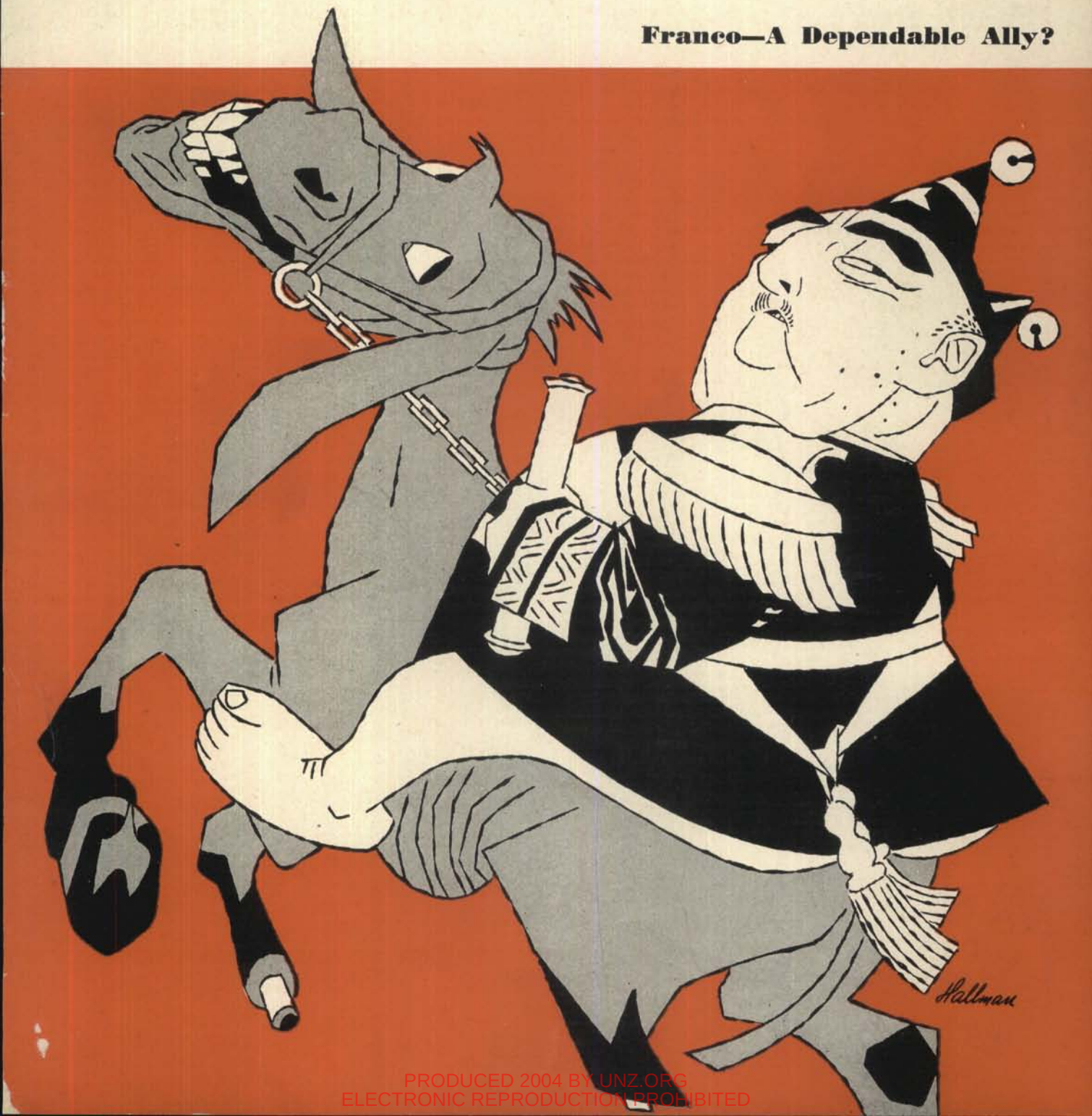
Our Crowded Target Areas

The Reporter

August 21, 1951 25c

Franco—A Dependable Ally?



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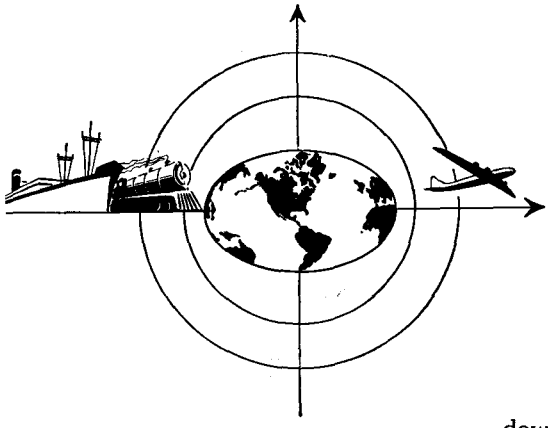

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

EMBARRASSING ALLY

In this issue, we have asked two questions relating to our proposed military alliance with Franco's Spain—first of all, what does the recent heralded liberalization of the régime amount to; secondly, how much loyalty can we expect from the Generalissimo, whose last best friends were Hitler and Mussolini?

In both cases, the answer appears to be: Not much.

We have not gone into what we think of the Generalissimo or his government. *The Reporter* has discussed that at length, and no doubt there will be occasion to do so again. Nor have we gone into the merits of the military case for alliance with Spain. Enough to say that we will never take General Bradley's judgment lightly—on military or other matters.

At the moment, we would like to ask one more question—a question of psychological warfare. How can we justify any military alliance with General Franco:

To the Spanish people whom he has sat on and who hoped, in 1945, that we would oust him along with the other totalitarians of the Right?

To our friends in Europe who don't want Franco in any alliance they are part of, and who can only sigh when the United States takes him into a private alliance?

To those in Europe, not our friends but not wholly committed to Communism, quick to detect our faults and slow to perceive the Soviet design of conquest?

Finally, to ourselves—or anyway the vast majority of us with a distaste for all breeds of totalitarianism?

ONE part of the answer is that we might see to it somehow that our economic aid does not bolster and enrich an unpopular régime, that it gets down, through the state bureaucracy, to the distressed Spanish people, and that this is made known to the world.

SEMANTICS AND OIL

For once, the elasticity of a word may serve even such a lofty cause as that of peace. W. Averell Harriman found himself, in Teheran, faced with an Iranian Government irrevocably committed to the "nationalization" of Iran's oil resources. If "nationalization" meant what it has in Russia, that is to say taking over privately owned companies and through a civil service assuming all functions of management, Harriman had nothing to negotiate —the British simply were out. Fortunately, "nationalization" is still nationalization (and nationalists can still be happy) even when the state, although acquiring full or part ownership, leaves management in private hands and operates its property through the old corporate structure.

Thus the Iranian nationalists can "nationalize," Premier Mossadegh can triumph—and so can Mr. Harriman in his mission to prevent the closing of the Middle East oil resources to the outer world. The way out, for all concerned, can be to divide the present Anglo-Iranian Oil Company into two major parts: one, "nationalized" in Iran; the other, a subsidiary company, refining, transporting, distributing petroleum products throughout the world and authorized even to enter on crude-oil production outside of Iran. The Iranian "nationalized" company would trade with the former Anglo-Iranian Company on the basis of negotiated or official prices just as American-owned oil companies abroad do with their parent companies in the United States.

Such nationalization might lead to more rather than less trading; help establish a free market for petroleum in the Persian Gulf; and materially assist in creating a competitive world market for oil.

The Iranians, who started all this, might find themselves saddled with a complete state monopoly, but the rest of the world might win the benefits of livelier competition.

SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT

Recently, Governor Dewey remarked that in Korea Communism has suffered its severest blow since 1945.

Speaking that same day at a clambake, Representative Joseph Martin said: "The humiliations suffered by our negotiators in Korea are only symbolic of the humiliations that America is suffering the world over . . ."

Another prominent clambaker, Senator Robert Taft, maintained that differences within his party are minor.

HELP WANTED

Congressman Paul Shafer of Michigan took the floor the other day to list the qualities a Republican Presidential candidate should possess. It is important, Mr. Shafer said:

"That [he] is an American whose name and public record are free from any associations with past or disappointed strivings for the Presidency or any other political office.

"That he is free from the lingering mustiness of smoke-filled rooms of other national conventions and other national campaigns.

"That he is free from the assorted misgivings and mental reservations, and the damnings of faint praise, identified in the public mind with the usually-talked-about Republican prospects and hopefuls."

Mr. Shafer had in mind J. Edgar Hoover. But there's a lighthouse keeper off Kennebunkport, Maine, who fills the bill just as well.

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CORRESPONDENCE

INANE BUT EXCELLENT

To the Editor: Please cast my vote alongside that of Ronald Greene's as far as General Mac is concerned. You did him unjust dirt! As one of your subscribers here's my opinion of *The Reporter* in a nutshell: pictorially, editorially, and politically inane, and unashamedly pro-Truman Administration; otherwise quite excellent—but headed for a rut.

R. BAYES
Freewater, Oregon

TOO FRIVOLOUS?

To the Editor: I should like to express my enthusiastic appreciation of your magazine, which I consider one of the most stimulating and generally worthwhile that I know. I hope you will not sacrifice your previous high standards for the sake of building up circulation; some recent issues have been a trifle disappointing in the proportion of trivial, frivolous material.

I would cast my vote for a preponderance of articles illuminating and presenting background material for a better understanding of international issues and personalities. In this connection there come to mind various of your articles analyzing foreign policy against the background of its historic evolution and considerations of global strategy, evaluations of the comparative armed strength of the western and Communist blocs, sketches of the careers and views of MacArthur and Congressional leaders, and studies of foreign countries and areas of special significance (India, Pakistan, Iran, Korea, the Mediterranean, Middle East).

In general I concur with your editorial views, and particularly would applaud Dr. Ascoli's editorials, which seldom fail to present provocative, significant ideas.

MARTHA MARINE
Washington

THE MARINES

To the Editor: In your June 26 issue you carried John B. Spore's article "The Marines: Force in Readiness."

To begin with, the article was misnamed, as it did not concern the Marines, but rather was an effort to explain or minimize the attitude of animosity of a considerable portion of our defense establishment toward the Marine Corps.

In reviewing the "Eisenhower memo" the author states that "the logic of General Eisenhower's position escaped them." The "logic" of keeping our "Force in Readiness" which possesses "unquestioned high combat efficiency" to units of not more than regimental size escapes this writer as well.

In that the article presents only thinly varnished Army concepts on an important topic it would have been better to state that the magazine of which the author is an associate editor is fully entitled The *United States Army Combat Forces Journal,* and is, I believe, an amalgamation of the *Infantry Journal* and the *Field Artillery Journal.*

W. SWEENEY
Houston, Texas

P.S.: Living in Los Angeles, where can science-fiction writer Ray Bradbury possibly find this fresh air that he likes to breathe?

[*For a mild expression of approval of Spore's article by high Marine Corps officers let Mr. Sweeney consult the "Correspondence" columns of* The Reporter's *August 7 issue. As to the postscript, we entertain no doubt that Los Angeles's Chamber of Commerce will answer the question.*—THE EDITORS]

'REDS' AND RUDDS

To the Editor: I probably would have laughed all the way through as I read Mrs. Rudd's abusive letter in your June 26 issue, but the tragedy that underlies it, that so many Americans are committing the same error, makes the humor rather grim. The hysterical attitude of Mrs. Rudd is as dangerous to democracy as are the "Reds" whom she so fears. She denies her fellow citizens the right to have opinions differing from her own. In her denunciation of the anti-MacArthur group as "Reds," she is either denying a basic principle of democracy altogether, or setting herself up (with General MacArthur) as its sole competent interpreter. Her name-calling certainly betrays a paucity of reason behind her hero-worship.

I would like to congratulate *The Reporter* for the firm stand it has taken in favor of the principles of our democracy. Especially in trying times such as these, it is of great importance that we maintain our rights to free speech and opinion, and that we carefully examine our policies with a calm fortitude. You needn't worry that such articles will cause you to lose readers. In a day when so many magazines are so strongly biased, your objectivity is most refreshing.

ALAN C. ENTHOVEN
Seattle, Washington

XIX CORPS' ROLE

To the Editor: Your facts in your review of Bradley's book are on the whole impeccable, but when you say Collins "swept" to Cologne guarding Monty's right flank at the same time, you forget that XIX Corps was in there, made the crossing of the Roer under Lieutenant General Raymond S. McLain (who is still in Washington, thank God), and went three times as far as Collins, northeast to München-Gladbach—and really broke the back of the Germans between the Roer and the Rhine. Collins's VII Corps didn't even do its assigned job of guarding XIX Corps' right flank well, but when headlines and Cologne beckoned, it took off like the well-known big bird and met no opposition.

F. E. PAMP, JR.
Glen Ridge, New Jersey

[*Let Mr. Pamp rest assured that there was no intention on my part of minimizing the achievements of the worthy wearers of the XIX Corps tomahawk patch. As a war correspondent operating from VII Corps headquarters in Düren at the time of the push across the Cologne Plain, I was able to join the XIX Corps' 29th Infantry Division as it took München-Gladbach, and was with the XIX's 83rd Infantry Division when it reached the Rhine at Neuss. What Mr. Pamp apparently fails to realize is that XIX Corps, as the right wing of U.S. Ninth Army—which in turn was under Montgomery's 21st Army Group at the time—*formed *Montgomery's extreme right flank. His further criticisms result from a common failure to look over one's shoulders at the actions of neighboring units. As XIX Corps wheeled northward, 3rd Armored Division of VII Corps was pushing to the Rhine immediately south of Neuss, protecting its flank and rear. Collins's artistry consisted in a swift advance with his frontage expanding astronomically as he went along, and in shifting the main weight of his VII Corps first to the left, as he protected XIX Corps' flank, then to the center as he pushed into Cologne. In mid-advance, a formidable, well-defended terrain obstacle—the streams of the Erft, backed by slag heaps—was surmounted. As for lack of opposition, I would refer Mr. Pamp to Major General Terry Allen, commander of the 104th Infantry Division, whose troops fought bitterly all the way across the plain. The Germans defended to the last. It is a fact that 3rd Armored lost a tank—and crew—in Cologne less than 300 yards short of its final objective, the Rhine. "No opposition," indeed!* —AL NEWMAN]

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue

In this issue we report on trouble spots in the non-Communist world—on **Spain,** where the demands of our strategists for air and naval bases would seem to outweigh our distaste for an undependable, totalitarian ally; on the **western front,** as seen from the headquarters of the Russian theatre commander; on **Iran,** where domestic politics ensnarl the oil negotiations; on the **Ruhr,** where the tangle of disputed ownership presents a formidable hurdle to European unity.

Charles Wertenbaker, author of *The Barons,* has written several other articles on Spain for this magazine. . . . **Theodore Draper,** historian and journalist, is a frequent contributor. . . . **Edmund Stevens** is the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Iran. He won a 1950 Pulitzer Award. . . . **Major General H. W. Blakeley, U.S.A. Ret.,** commanded the 4th Infantry Division from mid-December, 1944 until after V.-E. Day. . . . **Theodore H. White** is chief European correspondent for the Overseas News Agency. . . . **Marquis W. Childs,** columnist for the United Features Syndicate, wrote *I Write from Washington.* . . . **Alan Barth,** author of *The Loyalty of Free Men,* is an editorial writer for the Washington *Post.* . . . **Ralph E. Lapp,** a writer and lecturer on atomic matters, is the author of *Must We Hide?* . . . **David Kenyon Webster** is a California free-lance writer. . . . **Dorothy Thompson,** lecturer and radio commentator, is best known as a columnist. . . . **Stephen Potter,** British critic and novelist, produces programs for the BBC. . . . Cover by Hallman; photographs from **Ann Stringer** and **Magnum.**

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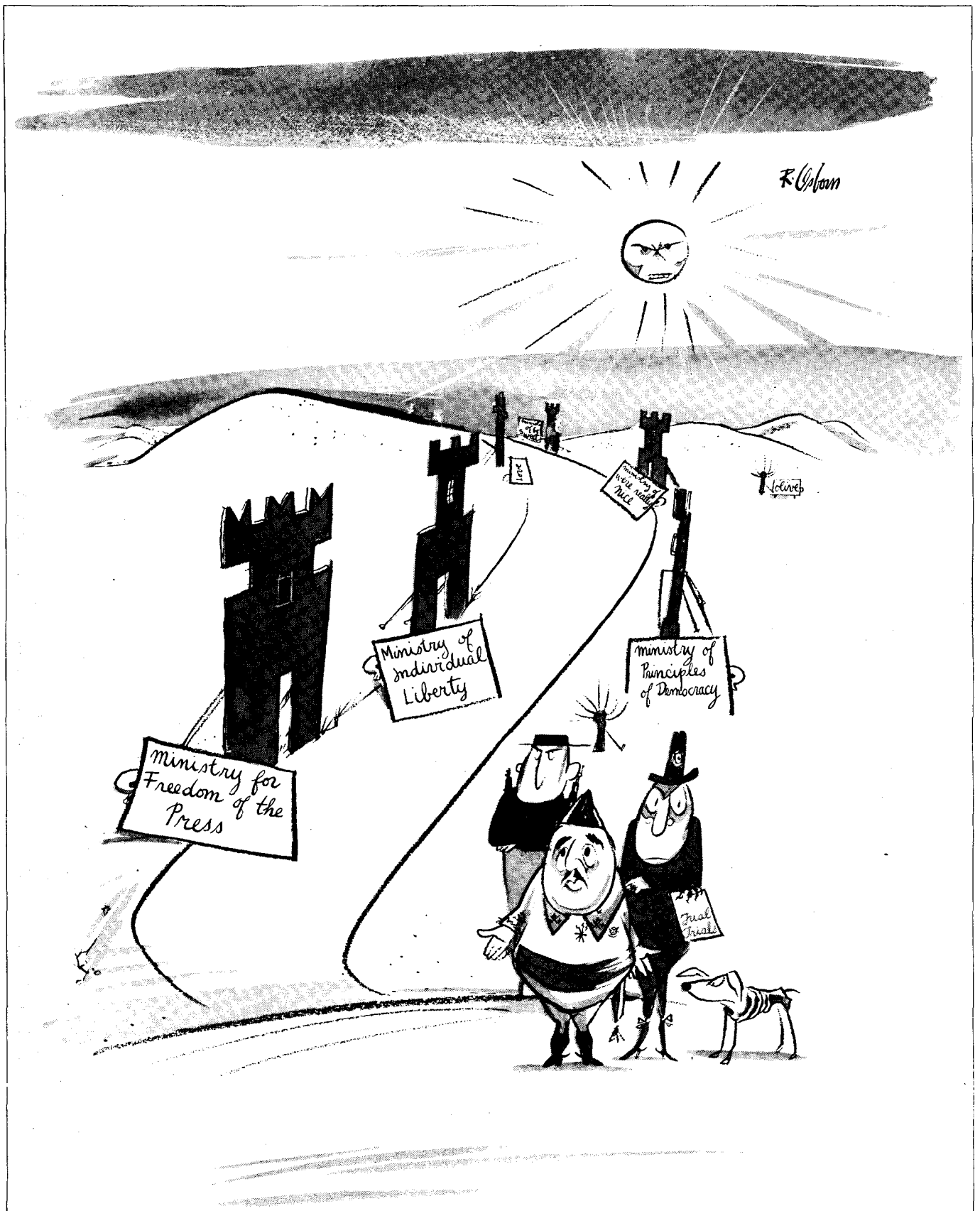

Castles in Spain

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

AUGUST 21, 1951

Spain: A Few Rascals Out

Madrid's reforms, if any, seem dictated by pressure of popular strikes, not by a sudden 'liberal' urge

CHARLES WERTENBAKER

General Francisco Franco is a stubborn man, like most men from Galicia. In 1947 the U.S. State Department sent to Madrid a new chargé d'affaires, who asked the Generalissimo to liberalize his régime in return for help in getting an American loan. General Franco refused, and three years later he got his loan anyway. Next he got an Ambassador instead of a mere chargé. Last month he got a visit from the top U.S. Admiral, who asked him for the use of air and naval bases in Spain, the *quid pro quo* not yet announced. General Franco was not only willing to oblige, but let it be known that he was changing his government for the purpose of making it more liberal.

This would seem to indicate something besides stubbornness—perhaps the graciousness of character remarked on by some of the Generalissimo's Congressional visitors. Perhaps, after all, General Franco is a man of liberal ideas, and merely waited until the pressure was off before putting cherished reforms into effect. It would be nice if this were so. It doesn't seem to be.

Things haven't been going so well for the head man in Spain lately. His three pillars of support — Army, Church, and Falange—have all been getting wobbly as the people show more courage in making known their distress and disaffection. General Franco, though stubborn, is a shrewder politician than, say, his fellow-generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek. It is most likely that the dictator's promises of reform—which have not been implemented yet—were made not to gratify the United States, but in response to threatening pressures within Spain.

Return of Favors?

General Franco has been feeling so unsure of himself that for quite some time he hasn't opened his mouth about Gibraltar. And because of his less secure position at home, as well as for the sake of its European allies, the State Department has been in no great hurry to make a new ally of Franco. But U.S. strategists were of another mind, and having come through the MacArthur hearings with a good deal of help from the Pentagon, the State Department was perhaps reluctant to advance the claims of policy against those of strategy.

The Pentagon is well aware of the sorry state of Franco's roads, his railroads, and his arsenal. It probably does not count on an army whose lower echelons at least are as disaffected as the people they spring from. But Franco has the advantage of position. Spain's geographical situation makes it valuable for three reasons. First, the more air bases the better, and the more dispersed they are the better still, since before a Russian attack could be stopped it might overrun many western bases. Next, the Mediterranean must be kept open. Finally—although the generals do not like to talk about this any more than anybody else does——there is always the chance that most of Europe would be lost.

So for some time before Admiral Sherman's trip General Franco was sounded out on the subject. Franco meanwhile was doubtless worrying about his domestic situation. There had been no strikes since the police and the Falange broke up one in Madrid on May 22. But the series of strikes that began in Barcelona in March had given Franco his worst scare since the Civil War ended. Workers, white collar employees, students, and employers were all sick of corruption, the black market, and the ever-rising cost of living. Even the tough *Policia Armada,* which keeps order in the cities, shared in the discontent. Two companies refused to charge a mob in Barcelona and were disbanded.

As a result of the strikes the Falange lost much power. It had been unable to control its own trade syndicates, and during the strikes a schism devel-

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oped. Fernández-Cuesta, its Secretary General, favored strong-arm methods. Special squads, reinforced by Nazi soldiers who had escaped to Spain after France's liberation, were sworn in as deputy policemen and sent out into the streets. This thoroughly frightened José Antonio Girón, the Minister of Labor, who makes much of his popularity with the workers and who wanted to win them over with economic concessions. The strong-arm squads have now been demobilized, but the Falange has been discredited, and it looks as if it could no longer be of much help to Franco.

The Church, until recently split into liberal and reactionary wings, has now, unlike the Falange, closed ranks, and is adopting the more progressive policies of Bishop Herrera of Málaga. Catholic Action is capitalizing on the general discontent to try to win over the workers. Instructions to Spain's bishops from the Council of Spanish Metropolitans state that "governments have the very grave duty of justice in securing the common good of society; society does not exist for government, but governments for society."

The Army was careful not to become involved in the strikes. Not one uniformed soldier was to be seen in the streets during the riots. Troops were confined to barracks. When Barcelona's Civil Governor appealed to the Captain General for a show of force, the Captain General replied: "The Army is to defend the country. You can call the police." The Army, of course, hates the Falange and disapproves of Church interference in politics; it is generally monarchist in sentiment, more absolutist than constitutional. One reason Franco has stayed in power so long has been his adroitness in playing his three chief supports against one another, but now that the Army sees U.S. equipment in the offing, its willingness to use pressure against Franco seems to be increasing.

Franco, no doubt, hopes to keep himself in power by giving a little bit to everybody. There is talk—but so far only talk—of a restoration of the monarchy, which would be pleasing to many generals and to people with money. Whether many monarchists would be satisfied with Don Juan's thirteen-year-old son (who could not rule until he was thirty), instead of Don Juan himself, is another matter. But if Franco could manage to split the monarchists, he would have accomplished a political feat. The new cabinet has nine monarchists out of sixteen, against six out of twelve in the old.

Freer Enterprise

The most popular change in the cabinet, both in Spain and abroad, was the elimination of Juan Antonio Suances and the splitting of his Ministry of Industry and Commerce into two. Suances' efforts to industrialize Spain, his limitations on foreign capital investment, and his autarchic *Instituto Nacional de Industria,* which competed with private business, all helped to bring about the economic shambles that in turn brought on last spring's strikes and riots. His departure is at least a victory for slightly freer enterprise. Since Suances is Franco's closest friend, the Generalissimo must have been really scared.

It may be, if the pressures on Franco continue, that Spain will evolve into a state with which the democratic governments of Europe can sit down. Or, as is far more likely, in pursuit of aims it deems good the United States may help to bolster a weakening dictator. The decision to go ahead with the alliance in spite of the objections of our allies was a hard-boiled one. If we can be as hard-boiled about the use of our financial aid—although this seems doubtful—some good might even come to the Spanish people.

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Franco: A Dependable Ally?

The record of the Spanish dictator in the last war gave his fascist cohorts good reason to think not

THEODORE DRAPER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is a condensation of a series of two that appeared in the June 7 and June 21, 1949, issues of* The Reporter. *We print it with mingled pride and chagrin because the facts it contains are unfortunately even more pertinent today than they were over two years ago on first publication.*

WHAT were Franco's relations with Hitler and Mussolini in the war? Franco publicly identified himself with his fellow dictators. He offered to fight for them, to save Berlin with a million Spanish "volunteers." Axis submarines took refuge in Spanish ports. Axis intelligence agents operated freely in Spain. A Spanish division fought on the Eastern Front. Franco went to the very edge of war, but he did not fall over.

After Dunkirk, Franco assured Hitler that he "would be deeply gratified to render you, at any time, such services as you might consider most valuable." A week later, Mussolini declared war on a defeated France. Two days after Mussolini, Franco abandoned benevolent neutrality for "nonbelligerency." On the day Paris fell, June 14, Spanish troops marched into Tangier. And two days after that, Franco almost took the last step. He sent General Vigón, who was then the Spanish Army's Chief of Staff, to see Hitler and Ribbentrop. Vigón offered Spanish intervention "under certain conditions." There were two categories of conditions. The first was territorial. Franco demanded Gibraltar (from Britain) and Morocco, Oran, the enlargement of Rio de Oro, and colonies in the Gulf of Guinea (from France). The second category was material. Franco asked for arms, especially artillery and planes, and certain supplies, especially oil, coal, and grain.

When Thieves Fall Out

Hitler was not prepared to give Vigón an immediate answer. He praised Franco's intention to attack Gibraltar, but he would not be drawn into a discussion of African colonies. He stalled by protesting that he had to talk to Mussolini.

When Ribbentrop asked Ciano what Italy's territorial claims were, the latter first listed Nice, Corsica, Tunisia, and French Somaliland, and went on to mention Algeria and Morocco. Surprised by the last two demands, Ribbentrop had to show his hand. He replied that Hitler agreed to the first four but that he was less sure about Algeria and Morocco. To stave off the Italians, Ribbentrop referred to the "now historical ambitions of Germany" in Morocco and even talked at great length about Spain's claims.

Cutting Illusive Cake

These conversations took place on June 18 and 19. In other words, only forty-eight hours after Franco's original offer to intervene "under certain conditions," one of the basic factors of the Spanish problem emerged—the rivalry of Germany, Italy, and Spain for French Morocco.

Not yet realizing what was afoot, Franco tried to keep his proposal alive. In July he publicly declared that "two million soldiers" were ready to gain command of Gibraltar and to expand in Africa. In August, Franco repeated his offer to intervene, this time to both Hitler and Mussolini. Hitler merely invited the Spanish Minister of Interior, Ramón Serrano Suñer, to come to Berlin.

In his memoirs, *Entre Hendaya y Gibraltar*, Serrano himself tells of his talks with Ribbentrop, who acted as if the Spaniard were a minor German official. First he informed Serrano that Hitler was disgusted with Spain's "equivocal foreign policy." He threatened that the ambiguity of Spanish policy might force Hitler to occupy Spain itself. On one occasion, at Ribbentrop's home, the two stood before a large map of Africa. Ribbentrop pointed to a huge area comprising the Cameroons, French Equatorial Africa, French Congo, Belgian Congo, Kenya,

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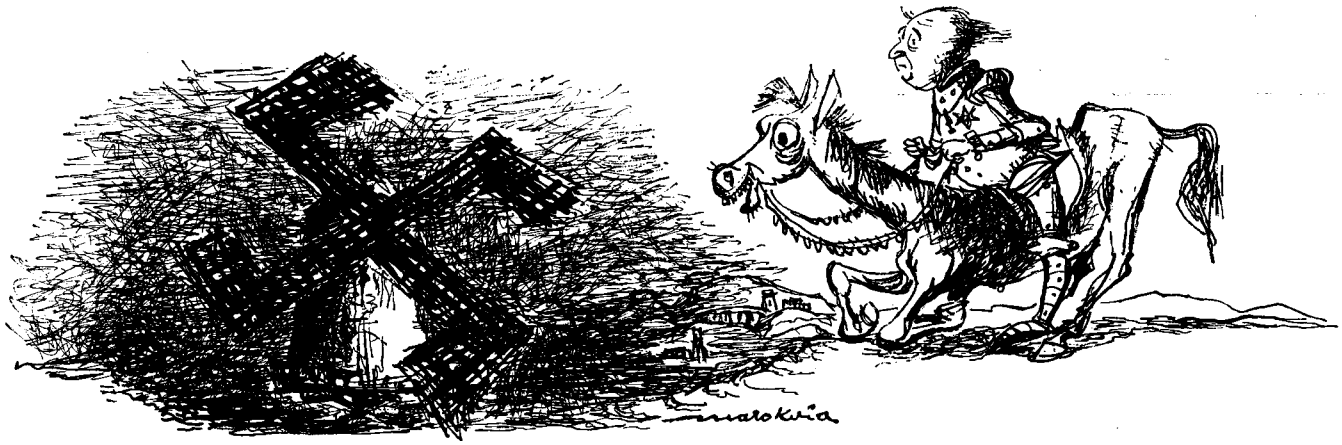

and Tanganyika—three-quarters of Africa. As long as they were carving up the continent, Serrano asked for a larger hinterland for Spanish Guinea.

Whatever illusions Serrano still had were stripped from him in the next few minutes. Ribbentrop mentioned that Germany needed bases in French Morocco at Mogador and Agadir. Then, to Serrano's utter consternation, he also demanded a German military base in the Canary Islands off the west coast of Africa. Serrano protested: "The Canaries are as much a part of Spain as Madrid or Burgos. These bases can be established [at] Senegal, at St. Louis and Dakar, without resorting to Morocco or our own territory." But Ribbentrip was unimpressed.

From Berlin, Serrano went to Rome to tell his troubles to the Italians. Ciano's diary reads: "There is one point in the record of the conversation [with Serrano] which I had to take out of the copy given to the Germans: Serrano's colorful invectives against the Germans for their absolute lack of tact in dealing with Spain."

After Serrano Suñer's September visit to Berlin, the maneuvers that went on were those of three swindlers trying to swindle one another. Having got himself into a very delicate predicament voluntarily, Franco had to begin to play a double game. Serrano was so upset by what he heard in Berlin that he rushed reports to Franco by plane. Franco sent him word on September 21 that "I can hardly avoid alluding to that which justly provoked your indignation. . . ." Serrano took this to indicate that Franco shared his own feelings. The very next day, however, Franco sent a totally different kind of message to Hitler. They thought exactly alike, except for "small details," he assured Hitler, the most important detail being Ribbentrop's request for German bases in Morocco. The body of Franco's letter was filled with such warlike declarations as "the first act in our attack must consist in the occupation of Gibraltar." But what Franco wrote, what he said, and what he did were three different things.

Hitler changed his mind at least three times about Britain after Dunkirk. First he expected Britain to give up without more fighting, and he really could not understand why it did not. Then he expected to knock Britain out by a direct attack. When this failed by the middle of October, he came to the conclusion that only the hope of outside aid, especially by Russia, was keeping Britain in the war. This led him to attempt to organize a "grand coalition" to prove to the British that their position was hopeless. He made plans to see Franco, Pétain, and Molotov in succession.

Petulance at the Pyrenees

The Hendaye meeting that followed was one of the oddest of Hitler's conferences. Franco and Serrano Suñer, the latter making his début as Foreign Minister, came to Hitler's special train at the French-Spanish border. The Germans and Spaniards talked at each other for nine hours. For once Hitler tired first. The Spaniards were so exasperating that Hitler later confessed to Mussolini that he "would prefer to have three or four teeth taken out" than go through it again. Franco had started off with the most unconditional protestations of subservience. "Spain has always been allied with the German people spiritually without any reservation and in complete loyalty." And "in the present war as well, Spain would gladly fight at Germany's side." But there were practical difficulties. Spain had to prepare the ground for intervention. It was preparing "within its modest possibilities." The grand anticlimax of all this was that "Spain must mark time."

To make matters worse, Serrano increased Spain's territorial demands to take in French Catalonia and "frontier rectifications" in the Pyrenees, as well as Oran, and Morocco up to the 20th meridian. Hitler held them off by playing up the risk of alienating France. To Franco, Hitler talked about the Vichy régime as if he did not have the slightest faith in it; twenty-four hours later at Montoire he was offering Marshal Pétain a junior partnership. Four months later Franco paid Hitler back. Franco personally asked Marshal Pétain to help him dissuade Hitler from crossing Spain to attack Gibraltar. The man who coveted French Morocco had to conspire with the possessor of French Morocco against the unwelcome competition of his own benefactor and putative ally!

The nine hours of wrangling at Hendaye changed nothing. The only concrete result was a secret Spanish-German protocol so obscure that the Spaniards considered it a virtual rejection of their claims. It was this protocol which Serrano never returned to Hendaye to sign. It caught up with him the following month.

Franco subsequently explained that he had made such exorbitant demands on Hitler in June because he knew that they would be refused. This apology has all the marks of an awkward afterthought. No one had asked Franco to go to all that trouble to stay out of the war. To Hitler, in his triumph, the question of Spain's entrance was a

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nuisance which he chose to disregard for three months. Moreover, when the Spaniards asked for Gibraltar and Morocco, they did not think that they were asking for so much. Franco's territorial ambitions had been an open secret for years. It would be much closer to the truth to say that Spain's original proposal to enter the war surprised the Germans, and Hitler's reluctance to grant their demands surprised the Spaniards.

Western military men may be interested in the reactions of the German High Command on first hearing that it might have Franco Spain as an ally. The unpublished diary of General Halder, the German Chief of Staff, enables us to get the most intimate insight. Halder himself recorded: "Pipe Dreams: Spain is to be brought into the war (but the economic consequences for that country are ignored)." The German military attaché in Spain reported: "The country is racked by conflicts of many kinds, with the social conflicts the most acute, and no constructive and creative forces can be discerned anywhere." Admiral Canaris, the German counter-espionage chief, who knew Spain best, had few illusions.

After talking to Canaris, Halder wrote: "The consequences of having this unpredictable nation as a partner cannot be calculated. We shall get an ally who will cost us dearly." Halder would have been just as right if he had predicted that they would *not* get an ally and that the failure would cost even more dearly.

The Gibraltar Fiasco

Molotov's momentous visit to Berlin in 1940 was the turning point not only of German-Soviet relations but also of German-Spanish relations. Molotov's conversations began November 12. On that same day, Hitler issued Directive Eighteen. This directive covered a lot of ground. Most of it was devoted to Operation FELIX—to drive the British out of the western Mediterranean by seizing Gibraltar. When Hitler decided he needed Spain in the war immediately, he stopped haggling. He was ready to promise anything, "regardless of whether the promises can be kept," as General Halder's diary puts it.

Against their better judgment, the German generals went ahead with their preparations. A corps under General Kübler was poised in France to pass through Spain to Gibraltar for the final assault. After seizing Gibraltar, Hitler intended to station one or two German divisions in Spanish Morocco to hold French Morocco and the rest of west Africa in line and guard the straits. The target date was mid-December. Everyone was ready but Franco.

The more the Spaniards thought about it, the less they liked it. The time had gone by when they figured that they could get into the war, as Serrano later put it, "at the hour of the last cartridge." They were willing to be jackals, but not dead jackals. On no account could Franco afford to get into a long war—and a long war for Spain meant anything over six months. Within a week after Molotov's departure, Serrano Suñer made another trip to Germany. Hitler gave him his personal attention. The ordeal lasted four hours. Hitler talked all through the first one. Somehow Serrano squirmed out of a commitment. When Hitler held forth on the need for speed to close the Mediterranean at both ends, starting with Gibraltar, Serrano nominated the Suez Canal for immediate attention. When Hitler vaguely promised arms, Serrano complained that Spain had paid for a Heinkel plane factory that had not been installed. But Serrano's most powerful argument could be summed up in one word: wheat. The Spanish deficit was a million tons, and the Spanish people could not be drawn into war without bread. Still German military preparations went on. The assault divisions finished

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their training. The big guns were ready. Only Franco still refused to set a date.

Admiral Canaris flew to Spain and saw Franco on December 7, bringing word that in order to start the assault on Gibraltar at the end of January or the beginning of February, Hitler wanted his troops to move January 10. Franco was, if anything, more stubborn. He answered in no uncertain terms that Spain could not enter the war in a short time and could not wage a long war without imposing "unbearable sacrifices" on the people. There was simply not enough food, and the transportation was woeful. Faced with the prospect of going back to Berlin empty-handed, Canaris tried to get a later date for the operation. Franco refused to budge. Four days later, Operation FELIX was canceled.

Relieved by Russia

If the Battle of Britain put Franco in jeopardy, the Battle of Russia pulled him out.

Once the all-consuming preparation for the Russian campaign had begun to live a life of its own, there was nothing Hitler could do about Franco's apostasy except express his bitter disappointment in words. The record of a conversation with Ciano says: "If Spain had acted with greater loyalty towards the Axis (and here the Führer expressed himself in very harsh terms on the subject of Generalissimo Franco) the British position in Gibraltar would no longer exist and the attack on the English positions in North Africa would be extremely easy."

The fact that Franco refused to fight for Hitler did not mean that he gave up his territorial ambitions. In 1941, Franco claims, Churchill promised to put pressure on France "to satisfy the just claims of Spain in North Africa." In return, Churchill asked Franco to promise not to permit the Germans to pass through Spain. Later Franco had the colossal nerve to complain that he was double-crossed. But there were three double crosses, not one. For reasons of his own, Franco could not permit the Germans to pass through Spain in 1940; he was selling something to Churchill in 1941 that he had already given away; and in order to get a promise out of Churchill, Franco had to betray all his past, present, and future promises to Hitler.

The next major development was

the German invasion of Russia. Hitler took Mussolini's advice "to hold the Spanish card in reserve," and Franco reciprocated by contributing the 250th Division, or—from the color of its uniform—the Blue Division, to the Eastern Front. Apparently it took the Germans about a month to take the measure of the Blue Division. Ciano's record of a meeting with Hitler at the end of November, 1941, reads: "The Führer eulogized the Blue Division, but there was more lip service than conviction; it seems the Spaniards are brave but undisciplined and given to grumbling. At present they have been given a rest under the polite heading 'defense position'."

A 'Practical' Ally?

Those who now see visions of a million Spanish soldiers at the service of the western powers might recall what Franco said in 1942: "If the Russians opened the road to Berlin it would not only be one Spanish division but a million Spaniards who would volunteer." This is usually quoted to prove Franco's loyalty to Hitler; it would be more pertinent to point out that the speech was as close as the Spanish defenders ever got to Berlin.

Having lost faith in a German victory, Franco saw on the distant horizon the specter of a Bolshevik victory. Long before the Germans were willing to acknowledge defeat, he worked out the strategy of splitting the coalition against Germany in order to form a new coalition with Germany against Soviet Russia. He conceived the mission of saving Germany from itself, or as Jordana, Serrano's successor and the least pro-German of Franco's Ministers, expressed it to German Ambassador von Moltke, "If Germany did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her."

Those who have no patience with "ideological" considerations and still wish to draw Franco Spain into the Atlantic pact on "practical" grounds might consider what all this means.

It is obvious that the bonds of gratitude and political compatibility between the Axis powers and the Franco régime were incomparably greater than the Atlantic pact signatories ever could hope to achieve. If, then, these bonds were not strong enough to make the Franco régime a reliable ally of the Axis, it is not quite clear why the Franco régime should be expected to become a reliable ally of anyone else. That the Franco régime should become a good ally *because* it once was a bad ally of the Axis defies all logic. Only one thing could give any plausibility to such a line of reasoning: proof that the Franco régime disappointed the Axis for motives that would operate in our favor. Nothing could be further from reality.

G.I.s in Spain

The demoralizing effect of Franco Spain in an Atlantic pact coalition would work both ways. Attention has been paid almost exclusively to the embarrassment of democratic peoples with a fascist partner. The other side of the coin should not be neglected. The prospect of the U.S. Army flooding into Spain, as it did into Britain, would be a nightmare to the Franco régime. It needs no overstimulated imagination to foresee the effect on our Army and on Spain if Americans came into direct contact with official repression of Protestantism, absence of the most elementary civil liberties, suppression of trade-unionism, and lack of any semblance of political liberalism. The Franco régime has no less to fear from American contact on a mass scale than from Soviet contact.

To be sure, there was a certain air of unreality about Franco's expansionist aspirations. Not only did Franco demand that Hitler hand over territory that Spain had done nothing to win; he required that Germany should feed Spain while any military campaign was going on. Bread, or rather the lack of it, was the underlying Spanish reality. Any Spanish ally must be prepared to relieve the Franco régime of the responsibility of feeding its own people and of sustaining the sickest economy in Europe.

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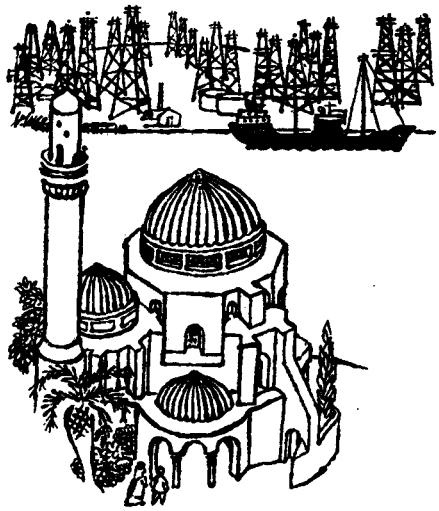
Dangers in Iran: Communism, Graft



EDMUND STEVENS

DURING THE recent trouble at the Anglo-Iranian oil refinery in Abadan, the third secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Teheran arrived on the scene. Unlike most foreign visitors to the refinery town, he did not put up at the oil company's luxurious guest house, but registered at a fleabag hotel in the native quarter. The stated purpose of his trip was relaxation.

In Iran it is not a bit unusual for the Soviets to send their own representative to a key center of Communist agitation not only as an "observer" but also to confer with and advise the local party agents. Nowhere else outside the Iron Curtain is there such close liaison between the official Soviet representatives and the local Communist organization.

The main Soviet Embassy compound consists of a rectangle nearly half a mile long and a quarter mile wide in the center of Teheran. A thick wall, ten feet high, surrounds this miniature Kremlin. The only entrance is through a well-guarded gate that opens onto Churchill Avenue. There is continual movement in and out. Unlike other foreign-embassy cars, which all carry conspicuous diplomatic plates, most of the Soviet cars carry ordinary civilian plates.

The Soviet Consulate is in a large separate building across from the Embassy. Other Soviet agencies are scattered about the city. The State Bank and Trade Delegations occupy premises only slightly less imposing than the embassy compound. There are, in addition, the diplomatic missions of the various Soviet satellites.

The headquarters of the Soviet propaganda agency VOKS (Society for Cultural Relations Abroad) are in the house of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, who occupies half the building while renting the other half to the Communist organization. VOKS also maintains several reading rooms, a motion-picture theater, and a free Russian-language school. By far the greatest Communist propaganda asset is the Soviet hospital, the largest and best equipped in Teheran, with a first-rate staff. Its free clinic does a land-office business seven days a week.

The Tudeh's Doves

All these "legitimate" Soviet activities serve as a mask for the Iranian Communist Party (Tudeh), which receives its instructions, together with a monthly subsidy of around $350,000, direct from the Soviet Embassy.

Last May Day, more than thirty thousand Iranians jammed into Teheran's Parliament Square. Slender minarets sparkled in the afternoon sun; blue mountains fringed the hazy distance. Against this backdrop, over the heads of the tight-packed crowd, fluttered long streamers in decorative Persian script and big white Picasso doves on pale-blue banners. Smaller doves adorned the lapels of brisk young men who circulated among the crowd and clustered around the speakers' stand. The Tudeh Party had been declared illegal two years before, but, as one Iranian police official explained, "Everyone is for peace."

Actually the Tudeh is the only political party in Iran that knows what it wants and how to get it. Its membership is reported to be around twenty-five thousand. In addition the Tudeh controls the principal trade-union organization, with sixty-five thousand members, as well as the main student groups.

Though the Communists displayed no hammers and sickles, there was little attempt to camouflage the origin of their speeches, in which for three solid hours they berated the "Anglo-American imperialists, capitalists, and warmongers." The crowd cheered, booed, and shook fists as required. When the speaker called for greetings to the "heroic nations of the U.S.S.R. who are at the helm of the democratic front," the rest of his sentence was drowned out several times by thunderous cheers.

One week earlier the bulk of Teheran's student population, small fry included, had marched through the city's main thoroughfares carrying Communist posters, in defiance of the school authorities and of the police, who made feeble, futile attempts to divert them.

The demonstration had been organized by the former National Society for Struggle Against the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. This is a typical Communist front organization, set up for the purpose of jumping on the oil-nationalization band wagon and ousting from the driver's seat the conservative National Front which started it rolling.

Beating the Ban

The ban on the Tudeh Party dates from 1949, when a party card was found on a gunman who tried to assassinate the Shah. For some time, however, police efforts to enforce the ban have almost ceased. In recent months, the party newspaper, *Mardom,* has appeared with fair regularity and been sold quite openly on the streets. Other papers appear and disappear almost every week.

Relaxation of the ban against the Tudeh closely coincided with the late Premier Ali Razmara's efforts to improve Soviet-Iranian relations, which culminated in the signing of a new

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trade agreement last November. One night, some weeks later, an army truck drove into the military prison where ten top Tudeh leaders were being held. A man in colonel's uniform jumped out and told the duty sergeant he had come to transfer the ten to another jail. The sergeant promptly turned over his prisoners. They were loaded onto the truck, which drove off into the dark. It is now believed the prisoners were freed with Razmara's connivance as part of his bargain with the Soviets. This was said to be a striking example of how Soviet diplomacy is able to support the Tudeh party.

The trade agreement furthered Soviet penetration of Iran in other ways. Under the original terms, the Soviets were to deal, not with private concerns, but with specially established Iranian government corporations in each separate district. This procedure fell through because the government was unable to find either the working capital or the necessary personnel to form these corporations. In practice, Soviet agents, as members of the Soviet trade delegation, are now free to roam the country at will—exempt from the travel restrictions which are imposed on other foreigners—including diplomatic personnel.

America in the Picture

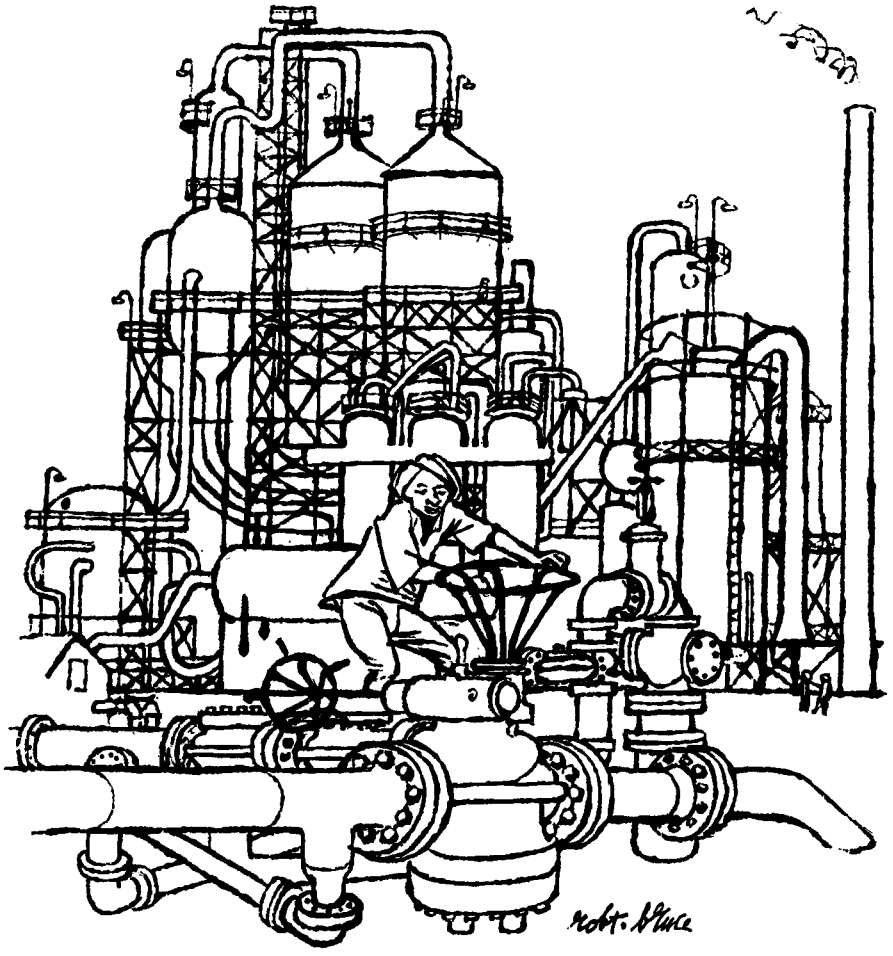
The consequent opportunities for political activities are self-evident. General Razmara is justly blamed for the widespread revival of Communist activity in the country. However, the ultimate responsibility rests largely with American policymakers. Not only did the United States fail to supply Iran with even a modest measure of financial assistance; it also withheld even its sympathy from the Shah's program of political and social reform.

The Shah had appointed General Razmara, his trusted chief of staff, to the Premiership to implement this program. Razmara's major test of strength was bound to come in the Majlis, the Iranian Chamber of Deputies, a stronghold of the reactionary landholders. Ever since the war it had maintained an effective road block against progressive legislation. Razmara warned the Shah it might even prove necessary to dissolve the Majlis and rule by royal decree. The young Shah was prepared to do this, though it ran against his desire to reign as the constitutional monarch of a modern democratic state.

The Shah was worried that if he should do what Razmara had asked, his motives would be harshly judged by western public opinion and especially the American press. He therefore sought assurances of support and understanding from the U.S. government. Moreover, he wanted the United States to see what could be done to persuade the British to keep hands off. In this case, the pervasive Iranian fear of British intrigue was reinforced by the Shah's memory of the rough treatment his father had received from the British nine years previously. The United States maintained a tone of polite but noncommittal interest. For the cautious Shah, this was not enough. He resisted Razmara's urgings.

Meanwhile, Majlis members had managed to plant in the Shah's brain a germ of suspicion against Razmara to the effect that the latter was plotting to overthrow him and planned either to replace him with someone else or reign in his stead. The memory of his own father's rise to power made the Shah peculiarly responsive to this sort of insinuation.

Without the Shah's backing, Razmara could no longer neutralize or overcome the Majlis. His brave reform program dissolved, and his bitterness turned against the Americans, who, he felt, had let him down by failing to back him either financially or morally. Iranian attitudes in the U.N. began to shift. Two ambulances promised for Korea failed to materialize. Voice of America relays by Iranian radio stations were canceled, as were the contracts of high-salaried U.S. technical consultants. Then, a few months later, came the Iran-Soviet trade agreement.



Blood on the Pavement

It is the fate of all of the Shah's Premiers that sooner or later a combination of their enemies manages to get them out of the way. Not always is their downfall so sudden and dramatic as that of Razmara who, one Wednesday morning in March, landed face first on the pavement in front of the

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Shah Mosque in Teheran with blood spurting from his chest.

The shots presumably had been fired by a youthful member of Fadayan Isalm, a fanatical Moselm sect. Credit for engineering the job was openly claimed by Seyed Abol-Ghassem Kashani, until recently the sect's spiritual leader.

While Kashani boasted of his complicity in the killing of Razmara, in court circles I heard a different version. According to this story, the fatal shot was fired not by the youthful Fadayan Islam member but by an officer in Razmara's own party. According to my informant, a man of exalted position at the court, the Shah had learned of a plan on Razmara's part to have the Shah himself assassinated and replaced by a brother, Ali Reza—this with the connivance not only of the latter but also of the Shah's twin sister, the beautiful and ruthlessly ambitious Princess Ashraf. The coup was reportedly scheduled for the following day, when the Shah was to be struck down while driving to his estates outside Teheran, where he was going to divide some of his land among the peasants. Warned in the nick of time, the Shah, according to my informant, had realized that it was either his life or Razmara's.

Subsequently, the Shah stayed away from Razmara's funeral and, presumably for the sake of irony, delegated his brother Ali to represent him. Some days later, according to the court rumor, the Shah personally confronted Ali with the evidence and slapped him in the face. A fight was reported to have ensued, in the course of which Ali kicked the Shah in the abdomen. Two days later, Ali left Teheran to undergo a "cure" at a German spa. Princess Ashraf, meanwhile, was ordered out of Teheran and banished to Ramzar on the shores of the Caspian Sea.

If true, this little glimpse behind the scenes of the Iranian court strikingly illustrates how thin is the veneer of modern ways in this Oriental state.

The Last U.S. Outpost

In the face of waning western prestige, the chief remaining outpost of American influence in Iran is the U.S. Army Mission, whose main purpose is to train the Iranian Army in the use of some $40 million worth of American arms and equipment now being supplied under the Mutual Defense Assistance Program. The mission is staffed by American officers—able men who have had considerable experience training troops at home. But they are far from certain that their presence in Iran is of any real use. For one thing, it is almost impossible for them to get effective cooperation from the Iranian officers they work with.

One of the troubles is financial. Last year, the Majlis decided to make the standing army twice as large as it had been, but on a smaller budget. At the present time, an Iranian lieutenant's monthly pay is thirty dollars; a major gets fifty; and a full colonel gets a hundred. Unless they have independent means, Iranian officers must have a profitable side-line in order to live in any but a monastic style.

For this reason, large-scale and petty graft are the general rule. Corruption added to the indifference officers feel about getting ahead in their army careers are, of course, disastrous to morale. The general consensus is that should the Soviets invade, the Iranian Army, or at any rate its officers, would vanish instantly. Many of them are reported to keep a set of beggar's clothes handy in their lockers in case they need a quick change.

During recent field maneuvers, some of the enlisted men told an American Mission member that never before in the army had the food been so good. The explanation was simple. When the troops were quartered in their barracks near town, the officers stole much of their rations, including the entire meat ration, for resale in the bazaars. But they were unable to do this while the troops were in the field, many miles from the nearest town. The mission was surprised when requests for army jeeps were received from Iranian units to which a full quota of jeeps had been issued. Investigation proved that in the course of shipment many of the jeeps had been privately sold.

Unlike so many of their officers, the enlisted men are excellent soldiers—cheerful, resourceful, used to roughing it, and willing to accept discipline. In an effort to improve the situation, groups of more than one hundred officers are being sent to the United States for training. Some of those who have been through this program fall into their former habits as soon as they get home, but others return full of a determination to see that changes are made. As their numbers increase, the trainees may be able to effect long-needed reforms.

Even if the oil crisis is settled satisfactorily, Iran has a long way to go before it can become a strong partner of the free nations.

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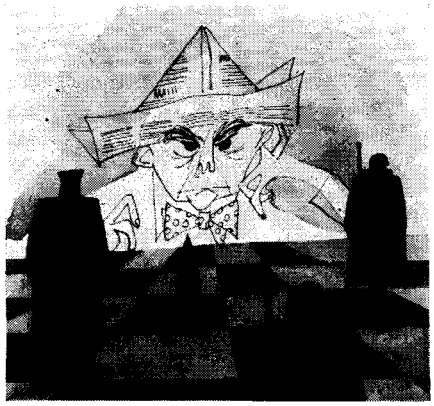
Blitz in the West

What the Russian commander sees as he looks towards the Rhine from the east



MAJOR GENERAL H. W. BLAKELEY, U.S.A. Ret.

SUPPOSE for a few minutes that you are Soviet Commander in Chief, Western Europe. Turn a map around so that you are looking westward, and imagine yourself in your headquarters near Dresden. Tomorrow is D-Day in the Third World War.

The Russian high command has not trusted you with much information about plans for operations outside of your own theater. You assume that enough atomic bombs and long-range planes are available to justify the belief that America's industrial potential and will to fight can both be seriously impaired. You know that other theater commanders will deal with the military phases of neutralizing or dominating Finland to your right rear and Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey behind you to the southeast. Your mission is to destroy the North Atlantic Treaty Organization armed forces in Europe and to occupy the European countries of NATO.

You have three major advantages: You possess many more ground troops than the Allied commander; the initiative will be yours; and you have only one government to satisfy.

Every other apparent advantage has an "if" or a "but" that may cancel it out, and time, from H-Hour on, will be working relentlessly against you.

'Elbe Line': a Grim Joke

The line of departure for your attacking armies will be roughly the western limit of Soviet-controlled territory. Starting on the Baltic near Lübeck, the line pushes out westward to a nose about halfway between the Elbe and the Rhine and then swings back sharply to the German-Czechoslovak border and across Austria. Articles in the American newspapers and magazines debating whether the Yalu or the Elbe is the true first line of defense which should be held against Soviet aggression have both amused and surprised you. The Elbe winds for about seven hundred miles, and, except for about a hundred miles at its mouth, it is all in the Russian Zone. If the Americans want to "defend on the Elbe," they will have to attack through your front and advance up to 175 miles to get to the river. For the NATO armies there is no "Elbe line" save in the minds of American pundits who never have bothered to look at a map.

Your initial frontage will be about six hundred miles. In planning your attack, you and your staff have considered every possible combination of main attack and secondary attacks. Whatever you do, your frontage becomes greater as you advance, and the Rhine must be crossed. You don't doubt that General Eisenhower and Marshal Montgomery agree with General Bradley, who has called the Rhine "the finest defense barrier in all western Europe."

Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy will all be on your flanks as you advance. Their military capabilities may be largely canceled out if diplomacy has been successful in the case of Sweden and Switzerland, and by fifth-column activities in the others. You have hopes that Communist action within France will help, *but* you cannot be sure. You expect to have initial air superiority covering your advance, *but* much of Soviet air power has been allotted to destruction of Allied air bases and interception of Allied long-range atomic-bomb attacks on supply sources and communication centers in Russia.

Your troops will live off the country ruthlessly as they advance, *but* ammunition, gasoline and lubricants, and transport and communication equipment that are destroyed or expended will be difficult to replace. You have stockpiles well forward, *but* your supply lines run for hundreds of miles through territory where the inhabitants are unfriendly and you must use troops to control them. You must also use troops to contain the Allied garrisons in Berlin and Vienna.

Speed!

The basic requirements for worthwhile results from your own viewpoint is speed. Allied strategic air bombing, no matter how prompt and effective, cannot influence the ground battle for several months. The build-up of Allied ground strength and supporting air elements will start slowly, but week by week will be constantly greater. Soviet success demands a true blitzkrieg which will overrun all the NATO nations in Europe before this build-up becomes effective. Mobility, firepower, and good communications are essential to speed in an advance. The Red Army has improved in all three since V.-E. Day, but it is not considered superior to the Allied forces in these respects.

Seizure of the Ruhr ought to be easy by means of a double envelopment attack on its north and south, almost a reverse-direction duplication of the attacks of the U.S. 2nd and 3rd Armored Divisions from near Wesel and Remagen, respectively, in March, 1945. The main spearheads should go nearly to the Rhine, only 130-odd miles from the portion of the Soviet Zone nearest the Ruhr's eastern face. Behind the jump-off points you have been able to mass strong bodies of armor and extensive forward dumps in the concealment afforded by the heavily wooded Harz Mountains. Airborne drops have been planned on

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the most valuable installations within the Ruhr itself, but you don't doubt that the British, in whose zone the Ruhr lies, will be better prepared for paratroop assault than the Belgians were at Fortress Eben Emael in the classic airborne surprise of the Second World War. You assume that most Ruhr installations are wired for demolition. If they aren't, you suppose that someone will be court-martialed in the inefficient democratic manner instead of being promptly shot.

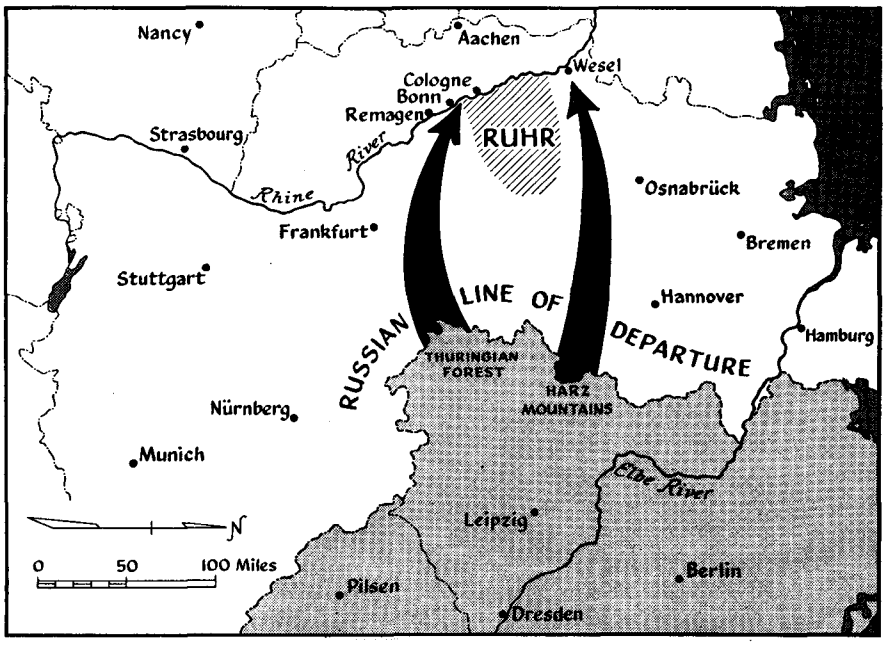
More Speed!

The capture of the Ruhr, even without serious destruction of its industrial equipment, will not eliminate the need for continued speed. The heavy industries, the coalfields, and the iron-ore deposits of the Ruhr, southern Holland, Belgium, the Saar, and northern France are too interdependent to make the Ruhr area of tremendous value by itself, and if the Allies defend on the Rhine, parts of the Ruhr could be interdicted by their artillery fire.

Eventually, you will be influenced by terrain in your advance westward, but improved roads and better transport have lessened the channelizing effect of natural obstacles. In 1914, terrain limited the possible routes of German invasion to the Belfort Gap between the Jura Alps and the Vosges Mountains, the Moselle Valley between the Vosges and the Ardennes Forest, the valley of the Meuse and the Sambre, and the coastal plain to the north. In 1940, the main blitz came through the lightly held Ardennes. In this advance surprise attacks over "impassable" routes may prove preferable to predictable advances over easy terrain.

An important difference in the current situation as compared to the German advances of 1914 and 1940 is that your attack must start one hundred to three hundred miles east of the Rhine instead of from the German frontier west of it.

But there are other considerations —other vital differences. General Bradley in his recent book, *A Soldier's Story,* wrote: "Even a light sprinkling of persistent gas on Omaha Beach could have cost us our footing there." Gas and the still untested weapons of biological warfare are clearly valuable defense assets, and the capabilities of the NATO nations to produce them and defend against them are superior. The tactical use of atomic weapons has been reported in the American newspapers as feasible, but this may be a bluff on the part of the corrupt capitalist press. If it is true, the necessary assembly of troops prior to a main attack to penetrate a defensive position, or concentrations in bridgeheads west of the Rhine, assuming a crossing is effected, will inevitably be highly vulnerable. In the defense, indeed, the major problem in the military use of atomic explosives—delivery on the target—might in some cases be eliminated by the emplacing of the bombs in certain military bottlenecks for detonation at the proper time.



Map by Starworth

Looking west (top of map) toward Soviet objective No. 1

The Defenders' Side

Now look at the whole problem from the NATO viewpoint: A tremendous inferiority in numbers may, of course, prove an insurmountable handicap, but successful defense does not require equality of manpower, a fact that the Korean campaign has again confirmed. Initiative is clearly in Soviet hands, but surprise should not be. Espionage may be very difficult, but it is possible. Deserters may furnish useful information. Air observation can be handicapped by weather, concealment, and enemy action, but the U.S. Air Force recently told of a camera that took a picture of a golf course from an altitude of 45,000 feet. Two golfers were visible on a green, and with a magnifying glass a golf ball could be identified.

Until a West German Army exists in fact, and perhaps even afterward, the Rhine is the first logical defense position, with delaying actions economically conducted until the defenders are driven back across it. To the north, protection of Denmark and the Netherlands requires defense beyond the lower reaches of the Rhine. Naval gunfire support, assuming that air superiority and adequate anti-submarine defenses have been achieved, might be an important factor in these coastal regions.

The Rhine bridges must be blown, completely and at the right time—a difficult matter, as events at the Ludendorff Bridge, Remagen, on March 7, 1945, demonstrated. The protection of demolition setups against Russian airborne or fifth-column attacks presents a further problem.

The Roer River, the Siegfried Line, the upper Moselle River, and the Maginot Line offer a secondary defense position west of the Rhine. The remnants of the Siegfried Line are faced the wrong way, and the French defenses were ineffective in 1940, but both still have some value. To appreciate how useful they may be, it is necessary to understand a few basic principles of defense. A main battle position consists not of lines of trenches, but of a number of mutually supporting defense *areas* distributed in depth,

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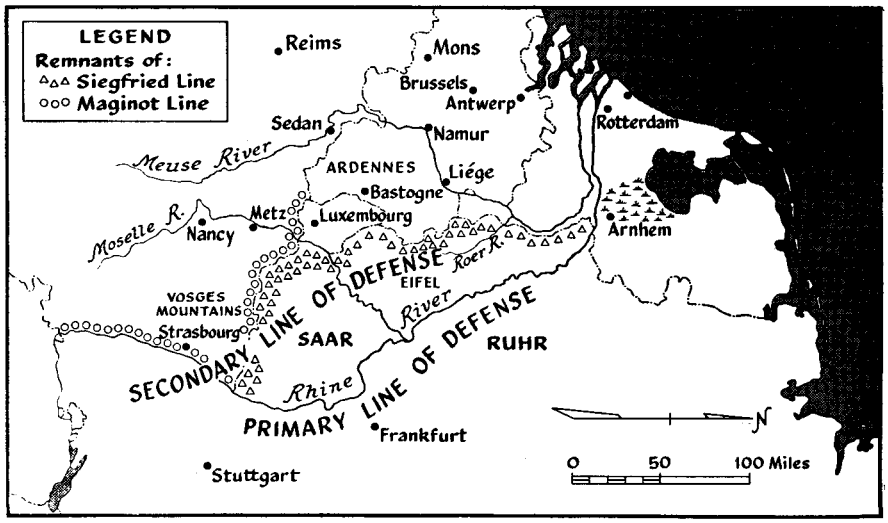
each organized for all-round defense with trenches, emplacements, mine belts, and obstacles, and each garrisoned by a tactical unit—an infantry platoon, company, or battalion—often with other supporting troops.

Some portions of a position may be unoccupied but still be denied to the enemy by a combination of fire and obstacles. Plans for the prompt and effective massing of artillery fire on sensitive spots are prepared, and the air force furnishes liaison parties to control air support. The vital elements in the defense are infantry and armor reserves which can attack the enemy if he succeeds in penetrating the battle position. The elaborate concrete fortifications of the Maginot type have the great value that they can be held with a minimum of manpower, thus releasing more troops for the decisive counterattack role.

The German offensive in 1940 started on the night of 9-10 May, but the Maginot Line was not penetrated until June 14, when the issue was no longer in doubt. By that time the German main attack had reached the coast, and the Dunkirk evacuation was complete. On June 30, the last garrisons surrendered *by French order.* "The Wehrmacht," says Bradley, "dared not trifle with the casemated guns of the Maginot Line." The Siegfried Line, it is true, has been partially destroyed, and its best fields of fire and tank obstacles are on its western face, but much of it could be altered somewhat and used to economize manpower.



Map by Starworth

Main obstacles for the Soviet commander

Vital Factor: Mobile Reserves

Reserves, mobile and in part airborne, highly trained in offensive action and committed in counterattack at the decisive point at the right time, are the essential element in the defense of Europe. In 1914 and 1940, the reserves were not available when needed. Winston Churchill tells how he asked General Gamelin, on May 16, 1940, *"Où est la masse de manoeuvre?"* and the general answered, *"Aucune."* No strategic reserve at the critical moment!

"What was the Maginot line for?" demands Churchill, in his *Their Finest Hour.* "It should have economised troops upon a large sector of the frontier, not only offering many sallyports for local counter-strokes, but also enabling large forces to be held in reserve: and this is the only way these things can be done. But now there was no reserve." The German 1940 penetration through the Ardennes had a perilously narrow base until the spearhead was nearly to the coast. If an assembled, mobile, aggressive reserve could have been committed through Luxembourg, much as Third Army troops were used during the Battle of the Bulge, the story of the 1940 campaign would have been very different. The difficulty of determining when to commit reserves, particularly when airborne drops confuse the picture, is obvious. The German high command failed miserably in this regard in Normandy in 1944.

An element as vital as the decision when and where to commit a reserve is the need of sure communication between the supreme commander and the commander of the mobile reserve. The much-quoted "Congress can make a general, but it takes communications to make a commander" is doubly true here, and language difficulties and interference by allied governments may add to the problem.

Another hazard to success is what B. H. Liddell Hart has charged was a major cause of French military defeats in the First and Second World Wars—"the habit of assuming that the formulation of a plan was equivalent to its fulfillment." This incidentally, is not an American failing. An American commander—soldier, sailor, or airman —who tried to excuse a failure by saying "I gave the order" would be in for a rough time.

The ground battle will be decided, as all battles are decided, by strength at the decisive point. This requires identification of the main thrust, slowing it, and then hitting it near the base of the penetration with ground reserves and air attack. The attack cannot be stopped by air power alone. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, has said flatly: "An enemy could cross western Europe to the coast without a delaying ground force to oppose him."

The spirit of the governments and the people of the western European countries may well be as important as that of the troops. General de Lattre de Tassigny stated the situation with brutal frankness in *U.S. News & World Report* last December when he said: "Europe wants to live. And for this reason she wants to defend herself if . . . attacked. But Europe is realistic. She doesn't believe in defense without sufficient means to defend herself." General Bonner Fellers, in a *Collier's* article, wrote that if war comes our European allies have two sinister alternatives: "The lesser of these is occupation. If the Europeans resist the Red Army, they will be slaughtered."

Conditions have improved since these opinions were published. Lieutenant General Albert Gruenther, Eisenhower's chief of staff, probably pictured the situation as it looks today accurately when he said in a recent speech: "We are still not in a position to defend Western Europe." However, he predicted that within the coming year the NATO forces will reach a condition when "an aggressor would have to stop, look and listen."

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Whose Ruhr?

Steelmasters, labor, and the Schuman Planners are staging a three-way tug of war for the region

THEODORE H. WHITE

FROM THE highlands of the Essen-Mülheim airport, the profile of power sweeps in an unbroken arc before one's eyes for forty miles—coal tipple, blast furnace, steel mill, and slag heap rise above the green-crested forests like the towers of an industrial Camelot in the morning mists and evening furnace glow.

This is the Ruhr, at the moment the richest piece of disputed real estate in the world, with coal shafts that disgorge 115 million tons of coal a year; mills that can roll 14.5 million tons of steel; factories that draw wires, squeeze pipe, make locomotives, produce any steel product that the skill of man has invented. Without this smoking valley two world wars could not have been fought; without it the Germans would become a people as poor industrially as the Italians.

No one knows precisely who owns this property. For six years the mines and plants have been held in Allied trusteeship and operated by Allied appointees. This summer the permanent forms of both control and ownership in the Ruhr must be settled. In the process, the destiny not only of West Germany but of all its European neighbors will be settled, too.

Three groups of candidates are fighting for the exercise of this control. There are, first, the old master-managers whose families summoned all the power out of hidden coal beds within a century; there are the two million or so workers who labor in the shops and mines; there is, finally, the High Authority of the Schuman Plan, endowed on paper with total sovereignty. Masters and workers hate each other; but now they turn momentarily from their ancient feud to grapple with the Schuman Plan, which many of them hate even more.

Alfred Krupp II

The story of the struggle starts with the masters, and the slow transfer of power from owners to managers over the course of the past half century.

The Steelmasters

By the late 1930's, management had achieved the complete dominance of industrial policy that has persisted unchanged through all the upheavals of the past fifteen years. Ruhr management can best be defined socially, in the terms of Tacitus, as a small, savage German tribe crossbred out of engineers and accountant-businessmen. From the engineers, the tribe has derived a hereditary, almost feudal cachet of nobility. In the Middle Ages, a man of noble birth could honorably seek wealth in only landholding and mining. The princes to whom all mineral wealth in Germany belonged conferred patents of right on those nobles who wished to develop it. The mining engineers of Imperial Germany who studied at the Berlin Bergakademie or the Clausthal-Zellerfeld Bergakademie emerged with the title of Bergassessor or Bergreferendar. Above them stood only the Kaiser and God. The metallurgists who graduated later from the newer Technische Hochschulen at Aachen, Hannover, and Darmstadt with telltale saber cuts of student dueling on their cheeks joined the mining engineers among the elite. In the first decade of the century and again in the 1920's, this engineering strain intermarried with the families of the buccaneer-businessmen, some of them sons of Ruhr families, some export adventurers, some members of the band of frantic promoters produced by the postwar inflation.

The outstanding quality of this tribal group is its capacity for survival. On the night of November 30, 1945, the British occupying authorities in the Ruhr arrested, without warning, seventy-five of the top industrialists of the Ruhr, and proceeded to cut up, sequester, and "decartelize" their industries. A short while ago a British political officer conducted a survey on the managerial personnel in the Ruhr. He found that, except for those who had died or retired, all but two of these men had again found important and responsible jobs in Ruhr industry.

From the owners, the managers inherited a tradition of combination which runs as far back as the beginning of industrial history in the Ruhr. Because the Ruhr is so small—no larger than New York City and its suburbs—these people all know each other. Competition as we know it has never existed among them. Concentration in the Ruhr developed both vertically and horizontally. Crude-steel making was the key, each crude-steel maker reaching down first to control coal and

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coke, then reaching out to gobble up his customers, the processors who made pipes, sheets, tubes, machines, and structures. At the same time, the large producing units reached out to join each other horizontally in industrial combinations that dominated the market through a system of fixed prices and closed selling agencies until all the Ruhr's prewar 16-million-ton capacity was bound together. Six firms formed the master combine. The kingpin Vereinigte Stahlwerke produced 8.2 million tons of steel a year; the others—Klöckner, Krupp, Mannesmann, Gutehoffnungshütte, Hoesch-Köln-Neussen—between one and two million tons apiece. The master steel cartel controlled the Ruhr's coal.

Hitler and Beyond

This industrial community rose like a monument not only above German society but above all European commercial life. Because the coking coal it controlled was the only surplus coke in continental Europe, France, Belgium, and Italy depended on its good will. When it wished, as it did in 1938-1939, it could cut off coking coal from French steel plants and hinder France's effort to rearm. It made and then unmade the European steel combine of the 1920's. The men of this community financed Hitler in his rise to power, not because they liked him but because he seemed the best instrument to control the one essential ingredient of steelmaking that was always beyond their discipline—the workers.

Since 1945, the managerial tribe has been split by violent internal feuds. All these feuds stem from the attitude the individual members of the tribe have taken toward the Allied attempt to redivide and "decartelize" the industries from which their power flows.

Allied policy in the Ruhr was originally conceived in simple terms: The first job was to break up the great combinations; next, to arrange the individual plants in sound, profit-making physical units; last, to let the Germans decide how the rights of the old owners should be exchanged against shares in the new independent plants.

This Allied policy, unfortunately, had to be applied to a Ruhr in ruins, in a hungry, shattered Germany. The first task was to get the Ruhr producing as quickly as possible.

This task fell to the British, who occupied the Ruhr. To bring production out of the chaos they found, the British proceeded to set up strict, authoritarian controls, under the Metallurgy Branch of their occupation. The German steel industry had to be policed in order to make it produce the price-fixed steels that were needed for reconstruction, not the high-cost special steels that brought the largest profits. By the logic of industry, the British were forced to seek German experts who knew the Ruhr to man their control mechanism, and they started by placing in power the ablest technicians of the Speer-Ministerium, Hitler's War Production Board. Under the British these men set up statistical controls, allocation of short supplies, and mandatory order-steering similar to that which they had established for Hitler during the war.

Operation SEVERANCE

It was not only February, 1947, that the British began breaking up the great combinations and separating the new units from the properties of the old trusts. To perform Operation SEVERANCE, as it was called, the British required the knowledge of the shrewdest old Ruhr plant managers and businessmen, and the Hitler technicians were discarded. The organization set up to untangle the properties has been known in English simply as the Steel Trustees.

By the middle of 1948 the Steel Trustees had finished taking the crude-steel-making capacity of the Ruhr away from its old management and handing it to twenty-four "temporary" Severance Companies. These companies were substantially the same ones that were ordained as permanent by the Allies early this spring. The old groups, stripped of their coal mines by another Allied trusteeship and stripped of their crude-steel plants by the Steel Trustees, remained as "rump trusts" reduced to control of a few of their prewar plants. The last stage in Allied planning—settlement of legal ownership of the new units—has not yet begun.

The tug of war within the managerial group has stemmed from this reorganization. On one level, it has been conducted as an ideological conflict stressing patriotism, hatred of the foreigner, and dislike of bureaucracy. On a more personal level, it has degenerated into an undignified scramble for jobs among the old managers.

The Two Camps

By now, the former managers of the Ruhr have separated into two groups—a majority group, led by Hermann Reusch, that backs the rump trusts as a better long-range bet for power, and a more progressive minority group that is dependent on or associated with the Steel Trustees and their boss, Heinrich Dinkelbach.

One can best follow the philosophy, thinking, and tactics of dominant Ruhr management by considering the postwar career of Hermann Reusch. Reusch, a chubby, florid man of fifty-five, is of the *echt* Ruhr aristocracy—he is boss, as his father was before him, of the Gutehoffnungshütte combine, a technician, a Bergreferendar, a brilliant, cold cosmopolitan man, with wide contacts both in American investment circles and the French steel industry. Reusch stands out among the welter of Ruhr managers because of his unyielding opposition to the Nazis. To him they were radical vulgarians. Reusch believes in the untrammeled right of private businessmen to do whatever they please. He is the bitterest opponent of the labor unions in the Ruhr, the bitterest and most devious of all the opponents to every measure the Allies have taken to break up the

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Ruhr cartels; he is against the Schuman Plan. Behind him, cloaked by his anti-Nazi record, are the other officials, managers, and boards of directors of the rump trusts, all more or less smeared by their co-operation with Hitler.

The philosophy of Reusch, simply summed up, is not one of free private enterprise but of property and combination. Reusch is ruggedly and adamantly set against bureaucratic or governmental control of industry in any form, except in so far as it protects and assists the captains of business to do what they want. Both his opposition to Hitler and his bitter fight against the postwar controls imposed by the British have been directed not so much against controls per se as against the fact that the controls were administered by government, not by the industrialists themselves. Within three months after the war Reusch founded the Wirtschaftsvereinigung Eisen- und Stahlindustrie (W.V.E.S.), the Association of Iron and Steel Producers, since wrested from his control by Dinkelbach's men. He has now founded the Bund Deutscher Industrie, an association of "pure" property holders. The object of both these industrial associations has been to make the Ruhr a partnership of power that governs prices, materials, and markets.

Self-made Satrap

Heinrich Dinkelbach, Reusch's chief rival, son of a tanner, a self-made man, worked his way to power in the prewar Vereinigte Stahlwerke. He is not a technician but an accountant-businessman, the promoter who was as responsible as any other man for assembling all the varied properties in the prewar trust. A member of the Ruhr's inner circle, a mild former Nazi and former contributor to the SS, at the end of 1946 he became chief of the Steel Trustees, and since then has been the Allies' man.

It is said that Dinkelbach has undergone a conversion of spirit since the war and is now a devout but progressive Catholic. He is a friend of both Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and Cardinal Frings of Cologne. He has accepted labor representation on the board of Steel Trustees and is on good terms with the unions. As chief of the Steel Trustees, Dinkelbach has enormous powers in the Allies' name, and has filled the new independent Severance Companies with managers chosen from the old tribal rosters who are loyal, or at least friendly, to him.

Dinkelbach's future is uncertain, for if ownership is ever settled to the satisfaction of Reusch and the old guard and if labor's gains are curtailed, he will lose most of his influence. Perhaps it is these considerations which make Dinkelbach a supporter of the Schuman Plan. Dinkelbach, it is believed in the Ruhr, will be named German member of the High Authority of the Schuman Plan, and the control, position, and power he has won in the bureaucracy of German industry since the war will be magnified in the new international organization, whose powers go far beyond any ever before conceived.

Labor's Stake

The claims of the second great candidate for power—Ruhr labor—were conceived casually, almost in obscurity, as if from some by-product of British Labour Party theory. Since then they have grown into one of the prime social issues of German politics, labeled with the jaw-breaking title of *Mitbestimmungsrecht,* translated badly as "co-determination," and best described as labor's insistence on an equal voice not only in plant management but in every policy affecting the industry concerned.

When in 1947 the British finally set the Steel Trustees to work carving the new Severance Companies out of the old Ruhr properties, they insisted that in this "interim" period labor have at least an equal voice with the property owners in management. Thus in each of the companies formed from February, 1947, on, there has been a management board of eleven men—five appointed by labor (four by plant workers and one by the unions), five by the industry, one by the "neutral" Steel Trustees. Each plant has been run by an operating committee of three—a Technical Manager, a Commercial Manager, and a Labor Manager (the last-named nominated by the unions).

As the period of trusteeship has approached its end and the new Bonn government has been brought face to face with the problem of determining ultimate ownership and control within Germany, German labor has insisted that these postwar gains be frozen into the permanent structure of industry. These demands are summed up in *Mitbestimmungsrecht.*

In the new *Mitbestimmungsrecht* as codified in the law that the Bonn Bundestag passed this spring, each of

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the new steel and coal-mining companies will have a board of eleven men —five from labor (both from plant and union cadres), five chosen by the property holders, and one acceptable to both groups, chosen, when they cannot agree, by a complicated system of "senates" representing labor unions, industrial groups, and government. It is on the choice of this eleventh man that future battles will hinge.

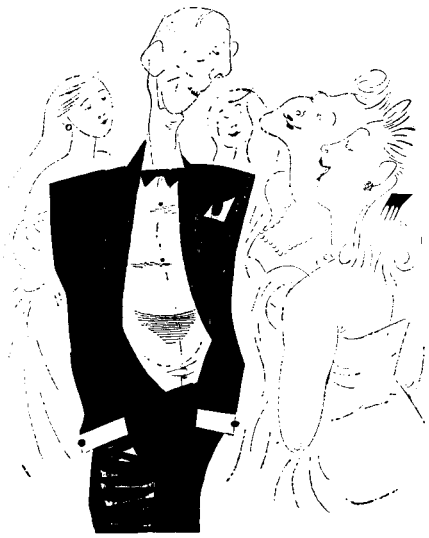
Mitbestimmungsrecht has seemed for the past two years so much a goal in itself that the German trade-union federation has not yet evolved a full philosophy of what it will do with its new-won powers. Guided by one of the ablest labor politicians in Europe, the late Hans Böckler, since the war the unions of the Ruhr have subordinated all their bread-and-butter demands, all their normal irritations, to the simple overwhelming desire to get their feet under the table with the old managerial policymakers and work out a new division of the wealth they produce.

Böckler's death last winter threw the unions into momentary confusion and brought about something of a struggle for power among their leaders. *Mitbestimmungsrecht* appears an immediate net gain for labor at the plant level, where canteens, work hours, seniority rules, and labor discipline can now be controlled as the workers wish. On the pricing level, union men speak in terms of a lowering of plant prices so as to start a general reduction that will eventually make their real wages larger. *Mitbestimmungsrecht,* it must be noted, is a far cry from socialism. The shareholders—as soon as it can be determined who they are—will own the plants and get the profits, but their claim to these profits will be no greater than the workers' claim to good wages.

Labor's New Voice

The *Mitbestimmungsrecht* law is still so new that no one can predict all the major changes it will bring. Here are four of the most immediate:

In the industries affected, it will become impossible for the shareholders to pour money into political parties as they once did into Hitler's. What labor chooses to give the parties of its choice will come out of labor funds; what industry chooses to give the parties of its choice must come from the associations of private-property holders.



The new law, limited to steel and coal, casts its shadow far beyond the Ruhr. Eventually, if labor has its way, it will be extended to all other industries and utilities.

This extension of *Mitbestimmungsrecht* thus will touch not only German interests but also the interests of many foreign groups in Germany, whose properties will ultimately become subject to the same laws. Thus fear brought enormous foreign pressure to bear in Bonn when the bill was being debated in the Bundestag.

Finally, the addition of labor's voice to that of the managers seems to strengthen the Ruhr against the outside world. Judging from the experience and attitudes of the several score labor men who have already taken their places in the councils of the Steel Trustees, labor bureaucracy quickly adopts the same protective, nationalistic attitude toward the Ruhr as its owner-managers do.

Many union men are as firmly set against the Schuman Plan as Hermann Reusch. German labor leaders fear that the decartelization plans of the Allies will throw high-cost coal mines out of operation and thus increase unemployment; they fear the production of France's two new American-made continuous-strip steel mills, with which they cannot compete. Coal is the basis of all employment in West Germany, and the union men fear that the job opportunities provided by German production for the vast new European market will not compensate for the loss of jobs when German coal is diverted to the industries of other Schuman Plan states. They also feel that the voting in the Schuman Plan authority should have been weighted to reflect Germany's furnishing half the coal of the total membership.

This labor opposition to the plan is most marked in the Ruhr itself, and is not too prevalent elsewhere in West Germany. Indeed, the newly elected successor to Hans Böckler, a linotype operator named Christian Fette, is a supporter of the Schuman Plan, and has broken on this issue with the Socialists, who hate the plan and who dominated union thinking under Böckler.

The Plan *über Alles*

The third and last claimant for control in the Ruhr is still in embryo. It is the Schuman Plan, which has been signed but still faces the ultimate test of ratification by six parliaments. If the plan goes through, the High Authority will become the strongest candidate for mastery of the Ruhr, but not without some brutal initial battles with Ruhr labor and with the entrenched industrialists.

Its grant of power and its framing concepts are flatly revolutionary.

The High Authority will stand above nations. It will be able to control tariffs, quotas, freight rates, and pricing, to prohibit investment, and to supply investment funds. It is empowered to break up cartels, rupture contracts, investigate any combination it suspects of collusion. Its object will be to make of all western Europe, with its 150 million people, a single great market like the United States, where free competition will create the same efficient use of resources that America has always known and that European frontiers have always prevented.

The earliest present prognosis for the ratification of the Schuman Plan and establishment of the High Authority is six months. The ratification by the smaller countries—Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and Italy—is accepted as certain. But it is believed that the Bundestag will wait to see first whether the French Assembly ratifies.

The Plan's Foes

The problems that the new High Authority must face in its first few months of work are myriad. All the European industrial habits of a century must be

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discarded. The political fate of any of the smaller countries of western Europe can be settled by these technical decisions.

German public opinion is now predominantly hostile to the Schuman Plan. To succeed, the High Authority will have to drive a wedge between the two segments of opinion most concerned, the old industrial masters and the newly powerful labor unions.

The old industrial masters, through the Bund Deutscher Industrie and through the specialized Gruppen of the W.V.E.S., have now a marketing system as airtight as anything in the history of German industry. While Allied opinion has focused on the battle of the German coal sales monopoly against the plan, the steelmen have bided their time, refusing to believe that any organization in the world would have the temerity or the technical understanding to disturb their marketing arrangements. The first battle of the High Authority in Germany will thus be with these steel groups, as in France it will be with their French counterpart, the Comptoir des Produits Sidérurgiques. If this battle is lost, effective control over German steel industry will remain in the hands of the old masters, with labor accepted as junior partner only until the time it can be thrown overboard.

Labor's support will be won or lost on the movement of jobs and prices. The Ruhr is now enjoying a period of boom employment, but this employment is limited by short coking supplies. If the High Authority operation results in more Ruhr coke going to the other partners in the Schuman Plan similarly hobbled by coke shortages, if German employment declines sharply after the plan comes into effect, demagogues will exploit the development overnight. It must somehow be proved to the unions that not only will *Mitbestimmungsrecht* be strengthened and supported by the High Authority but that jobs will increase and prices will decline as a result.

Needed as Usual: $$$

Which brings one to the problem of investment, the point where every adventure in German economics ends. To provide more steel and more jobs for Germany and Europe, there must come a vast expansion at the base of industry—in coal mines and coking ovens. German coal production must be lifted from its present level of 115 million tons a year to perhaps 150 million. This effort, costing anywhere from half a billion dollars up, must be accompanied also by a great housing program without which it will be impossible to recruit the additional miners necessary.

In steelmaking the Germans have a brilliant but narrow reputation. They can produce any kind of tailor-made steel to any customer's specifications. But in techniques of mass production they are decades behind the United States. In all the Ruhr, there is not a single continuous-strip steel mill, although there are over a score in America and both Britain and France are installing them with Marshall Plan help.

Investment is the key to the co-operation not only of the workers but of the industrialists too. If jobs are the unions' prime concern, re-equipment is that of the managers, and they have been unable to find anywhere inside or outside of Germany the capital that was so liberally offered the Ruhr in the 1920's. If the new High Authority can raise this capital, it can call the steelmasters to order and obedience.

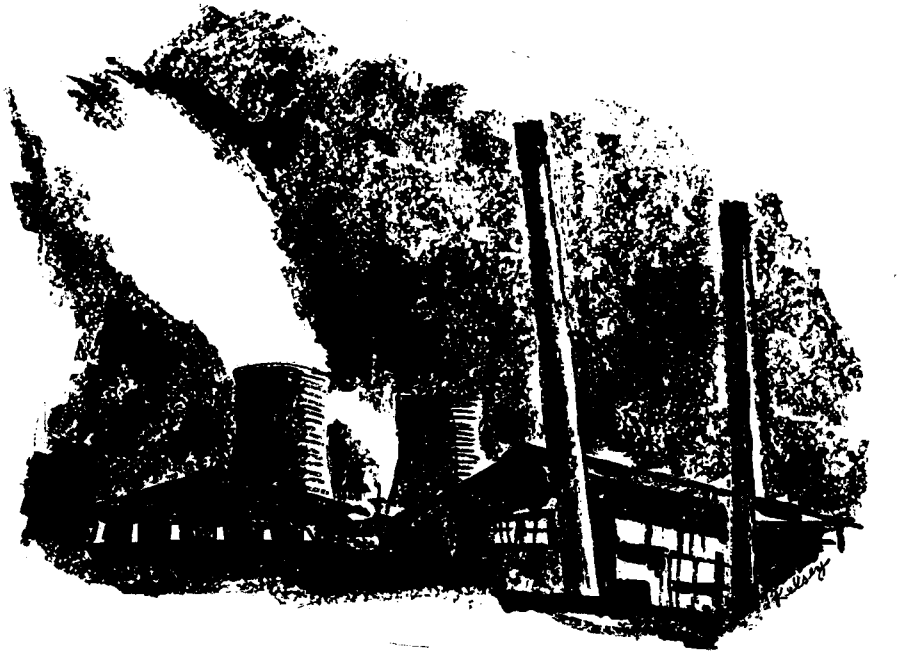
Düsseldorf Waits

The Ruhr this past spring has been even more confused than it was in the spring of 1945, when two U. S. armies encircled it. Each set of conflicts leads to another, and they spiral up from plant level to industry level, to the negotiations tables where East and West discuss the issues of war and peace.

The valley is now flush with prosperity, which breaks most dazzlingly to the surface in the Ruhr's capital, Düsseldorf. In Düsseldorf the steelmen meet to do business and make plans. Along Flingerstrasse and Königsallee, which boast more first-class cigar stores than any other streets in Europe, they buy the infinite kinds of tan, black, ochre, yellow, and brown stogies they love.

At the new Breidenbacher Hof, one of the best hotels in Europe, they meet with buyers from the United States, the Argentine, and Belgium who have come to plead for steel at any price. Around and about Düsseldorf and its little western suburb of Meererbusch, where the graceful modern homes of the present Ruhr managers stand, revolve the sedate and ponderous dinners and parties at which handsome blonde young women are exposed to the young engineers and promising junior executives whom they will marry.

But the tone of life in Düsseldorf is unsure and querulous while the city waits to know the faces of the men who will rule it. No one will make any prediction yet. The Düsseldorfers only say proudly and bitterly that until control of the Ruhr is finally decided there will be no true peace for Germany and no peace for Germany's neighbors.



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'How Ethical Can You Get?'

In his campaign for governmental purity, Paul Douglas must consider how to remove the reasons for temptation

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

As a lobbyist friend remarked apropos of the current concern over morality, or the lack of it, in Washington: "Hell, how ethical can you get?" The question is more relevant than one might at first suppose.

The sincerity of Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, chairman of the Senate subcommittee investigating ethics in government, is irreproachable. Douglas is a Cromwellian figure, a Puritan, the very personification of sincerity. In the sphere of practical politics his righteousness often galls the boys in the back room. That was true when Douglas served on the city council in Chicago and it is true in Washington. The Senator has much the same look and manner as Woodrow Wilson, the college professor in the White House. Like a benevolent instructor presiding over a political-science seminar, Douglas heard the parade of witnesses who came before his committee. Their preachments varied with their temperaments and backgrounds. But for the most part they shared the conviction that somehow government should be more pure and noble than commerce and industry as seen in the ordinary affairs of daily life.

This is a peculiarly American trait. The very fact of the establishment of the capital, Washington, in a swamp along the Potomac owes not a little to the concern for government as a thing apart; the capital was seen as a kind of shrine insulated from all vulgar considerations of getting and spending. That at least was the rationale offered in justification of the new capital when conflict became acute over where the seat of government should be located.

Senator Paul Douglas

It was a beautiful concept. But at this late date one may venture the opinion that the net result has not been precisely what the Founding Fathers anticipated.

The Double Standard

The duality of the American outlook—by which government must exist on a higher plane than the life from which it springs—raises a serious question about the whole series of Senate inquiries into governmental morality, particularly the work of the Douglas subcommittee. Can government be divorced from the atmosphere in which it lives and breathes? Can the pressures of a highly competitive society be resisted by elevating the government on moral stilts above the crowd? Senator Douglas would probably answer such questions in the affirmative, although he might differ with the phraseology. But taking this view, one comes, it seems to me, to regard government as a source of righteousness to which an erring people must look increasingly for light and guidance.

This implies a government of ever-increasing powers, with the end an all-powerful state enforcing by any and all means the dictates of an arbitrary morality. While it undoubtedly seems farfetched in the present context, this could be an invitation to totalitarianism under a respectable and even a righteous guise. In one of the most remarkable books of our time, *The Origins of Totalitarianism,* Hannah Arendt points out that the fact that guards could be bribed in the first concentration camps established by the Bolsheviks after the Revolution of 1917 made for a certain humanity in that early period—a humanity which has been ground away with the terrible perfection of the Stalinist tyranny.

Whether the pressures on the Federal government are greater today than they were during the westward expansion is difficult to say. Then, too, the rewards within the power of government to give were of the first importance. Vast tracts of land in the public domain went as gifts to speculators and promoters financing the transcontinental railways. There were scandals on the grand scale—bribery, corruption, graft. Washington overflowed with a host of lobbyists and favor getters. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner described the small fry in *The Gilded Age,* and Henry Adams from

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time to time turned a melancholy eye on the spectacle of greed and grab.

Danger: High-Pressure Air

Significantly, in our time the development of the airlines, with intense competition for routes and subsidies, has produced some of the same pressures and the same reports of paid-for favors. Since no thorough investigation has ever been held, I strongly suspect that the familiar analogy of the iceberg holds with respect to the few facts revealed thus far.

After the end of the war in 1945, competitive pressures mounted. Foreign routes were opening up and half a dozen lines were scrambling to get them. The scramble was considerably less crude than that of the railroads seventy-five years ago: I doubt that many officeholders, whether in the executive or legislative branch, were given outright bribes.

But a cash nexus was there nevertheless. The pattern has been roughly as follows: A lawyer-lobbyist—and most such lawyers never go into a courtroom—with the requisite political influence is hired by the airline. He brings the proper pressures to bear at the top and is paid a generous fee. Then in the role of intermediary he arranges for one of the officers of the company to make a secret contribution to the campaign coffers of the party in power.

In the summer and early fall of 1948, with a Presidential election just ahead, two airlines were after the route from the Pacific Northwest to Hawaii. Northwest Airlines was first given a certificate to fly from Seattle to Honolulu. In the fall Pan American Airways was authorized to fly the same route. As one result of all the pressures and persuasions involved, a secret contribution of $85,000 was said to have been made to the Democratic Party, which in that dubious season stood in dire need of funds. This would be impossible to prove short of a Senate investigation, which would have the power to subpoena witnesses who would testify under oath.

The circumstances surrounding the President's action in approving the merger of the European routes of Pan American and American Overseas Airlines have never been explained. Both public counsels of the Civil Aeronautics Board opposed the merger. So did a majority of the board, including the then chairman, Joseph O'Connell, in a formal opinion. Because this was a decision on overseas routes, under the law the President had the final word. Almost as a matter of routine the White House confirmed the majority opinion of the board. Then for some never-explained reason this approval was recalled before it could be made public, and a little later the President reversed the board and gave his approval to the merger.

While there has never been any official clarification of that curious action, it has generated a cloud of rumors of pressure and counterpressure, and the last-minute intervention of a few influential and knowledgeable persons who knew how to turn the deal. The chief source of opposition was Trans World Airlines, which feared that the merger would carry Pan American one step nearer the goal that its president and mastermind, Juan T. Trippe, has from time to time avowed: the "chosen instrument"—a single American line in the foreign field—which naturally would be Pan American. At a rather late date in the contest Trans World retained, for a reportedly very large fee, Clark Clifford, who had been counsel to President Truman only a short time before. This blue chip was thrown into the game in vain. How much was paid to other lobbyist-lawyers has never been disclosed. In cynical Washington the outcome was put down as still

Senator Estes Kefauver in full regalia

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another victory for the pervasive, charming, persistent Trippe.

Industry in Government

The long history of the effort of government to regulate and control monopoly or semi-monopoly shows over and over again how the interests of the commissions set up to do the regulating tend to become identical with the interests of the industries they were created to regulate. Government salaries are inadequate or worse, particularly in a period of inflation. The industry can pay two or three times as much for capable experts and lawyers, and so they tend to gravitate from the commission into the industry, and the dividing line between the two interests grows narrower and narrower, finally becoming almost invisible.

That process has long since taken place with respect to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It has become a weary bureau that for the most part compliantly follows the wishes of the railroads. Something like this seems to be taking place in the Civil Aeronautics Board, especially since President Truman has found it a convenient place to put Senators who have failed of re-election.

The case of Colonial Airlines illustrates the closeness of the relationship between the industry and the board. Colonial is a small line that appears to be efficiently run, yet the routes that it flies between Montreal, New York, Washington, and Bermuda are uneconomic in and by themselves. An investigation by CAB showed, however, that the line was apparently very profitable for its then president, Sigmund Janas, Sr.

In the course of the investigation, the board found numerous violations of CAB regulations. Janas had converted funds of the company into Canadian dollars in a speculation for his own enrichment. He had charged groceries and other things for his luxury apartments in Washington and New York and for his house in Bermuda to the company's accounts. Free rides were passed out with little discrimination. The board found that all together, approximately a quarter of a million dollars of the funds of the company could not be accounted for. This happens to be, in part at least, money supplied by the taxpayer, since Colonial gets the second highest rate of air-mail pay of

any line in the country, much of which is a subsidy.

The Unpressed Suit

The board filed a long list of charges against Janas in Federal court in New York. These charges were not pressed, apparently as the result of an arrangement between the board and the company. Janas was to turn over a certified check for $25,000 to Colonial and agree to make a series of payments each year up to a total of $75,000. He was also to resign as president.

Under the arrangement, which had the blessing of the aeronautics board, Colonial is to be directed by a new president, whom Janas had originally retained out of one of Washington's most potent law firms, and by a three-man board consisting of a younger employee whom Janas had recently hired away from the CAB at a considerable advance in salary and two other officers of the company, both generally regarded as subservient to Janas. Janas's title was to be merely "consultant." But there are skeptics who believe that for all practical purposes he will retain his hold on the direction of the company.

It is a strange record, combining as it does so many of the elements that make up the picture of pressure and influence, favor seeking, and favor getting in Washington. In this instance the components are put together with a crudeness that would never be tolerated in a large-scale operation. Yet, crudeness aside, such relationships can be shown to run in a frequently recurring pattern through the tangled web that ties government inextricably not alone to the airlines but to much of industry and finance. A priority for steel, a contract for jet engines, the rate of amortization on a defense contract, the government subsidy in the construction of a new de luxe ocean liner —all these things and infinitely more are part of the web.

Bibles vs. Blandishments

Thurman Arnold, whose pixyish approach to these matters was shown with great brilliance and humor in *The Folklore of Capitalism,* thought of recommending to Douglas that Gideon Bibles be kept in every government office and that the day's work be opened with a prayer. Arnold may not have believed wholly in the efficacy of such remedies. The government official cannot be a saint under a bell jar on a pedestal.

But it does seem to me that he can be given greater independence, a stronger base from which to resist pressures and blandishments; and if this is one result of the inquiry then it will have registered a distinct gain. There should be a greatly strengthened pension system for top officials, particularly for members of Congress. The latter should not be allowed to plead hardship as the reason for turning lobbyist the moment they are defeated. With a cushion prepared for defeat to ease the transition from public to private life, they should be forbidden by law to practice influence getting in Washington for at least five years.

The tenure of top administrative posts should be lengthened, and it should be easier to move from the lower to the upper ranks in cases where ability is clearly evident. One reason for the susceptibility to influence from powerful interests is the fact that such a large proportion of the cost of political campaigns is met by these same interests. One way to get contributions from persons of modest means might be to provide income-tax exemption for a political contribution of, say, fifty dollars in any taxable year.

Lead Us Not . . .

These are only random suggestions, but they bear on what I believe to be the most important effort that can be made

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to raise the level of ethics in government—removing the reasons for temptation. Given more secure tenure, perhaps a larger salary, and a fairly generous pension on resignation or retirement, the official should then be severely penalized for breaches of conduct.

But the real point, it seems to me, is that Cromwellian measures alone will not suffice. Government cannot be entirely insulated from the forces of corruption if such forces exist in the powerful and pushing sea that surrounds the Federal island. Heads may roll in periodic "clean-ups," but there are always eager new heads willing to risk the block.

It was in still another investigation, the Kefauver crime inquiry, that the duality of the American approach to government was even more strikingly illustrated. Senator Estes Kefauver demonstrated that in community after community, corruption and vice are rampant, tying directly in with the local authorities.

. . . Deliver Us from Evil

Yet it seems rarely to have occurred to the people in these communities that the power to cure these evils rests with them. The indignation was vented at a remote entity—"the government," Washington, "those politicians." This is not a healthy attitude in a democracy. The belief that everything evil stems from some distant and all-powerful entity, the foreign-devil conviction, is distinctly unhealthy. If the search for morality merely contributes to this belief, then it will have proved a disservice and the sum total of hypocrisy will have been augmented.

McCarran's Monopoly

The Nevada Senator has become judge, prosecutor, and hangman on loyalty cases

ALAN BARTH

THERE are louder voices in the United States Senate than Pat McCarran's, but none speaks with more authority—at least on the subject of American loyalty. The chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee has, over the last six months, managed to establish himself as Grand Inquisitor and Lord High Executioner in charge of the extirpation of heresy. He has done this through his chairmanship of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Internal Security, known more familiarly as the McCarran subcommittee; with his surveillance of the Subversive Activities Control Board created under the McCarran Act; and with his frustration of the Nimitz Commission on Internal Security and Individual Rights.

The McCarran Subcommittee

With Senator McCarran as chairman by his own designation, the Internal Security Subcommittee was established in January of this year as a rival of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The odds are all in favor of the new group. It has as a sort of unofficial publicity man Senator Karl E. Mundt, a graduate of the House committee, and has acquired the former research chief of the older body. McCarran himself is, of course, a shrewd and experienced showman.

The subcommittee got off to a sensational start in February. It announced, with flourish and fanfare, that its first major project would be an investigation of the ancient files of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The institute was one of Senator McCarthy's principal targets, and it was on the basis of a "tip" from McCarthy that an investigator seized the I.P.R. files from their resting place on the farm of E. C. Carter near Lee, Massachusetts. From this, from its employment of Freda Utley as a part-time staff member, and from the fact that the subcommittee has subpoenaed Dr. Owen Lattimore, the inference seems pretty plain that it is bent upon resurrecting and propping up, if possible, McCarthy's 1950 charges against the State Department.

The seizure of the I.P.R. files was a piece of pure theater. They had already been thoroughly examined—at the institute's own invitation—by the FBI. They consisted of records and correspondence covering for the most part the period between 1925 and 1945 and relating to the research activities carried on by the institute's ten national councils. There was no mystery at all about their location. Officers of the I.P.R. had publicly offered to produce them at any time for any accredited agency of the government. The McCarran subcommittee didn't ask for them, however. Instead, its investigator staged a dramatic raid, loaded the papers onto a truck, drove them through a snowstorm to New York (a brilliant touch, that snowstorm), and then moved them, under armed convoy, to Washington, where they were put under another armed guard. New locks were put on the Judiciary Committee's doors. The poor, prosaic House Committee on Un-American Activities will never be able to match this sort of drama.

Moscow Gold

Subcommittee members soon "confided" to newspapermen that they expected "sensational" results. Senator Mundt disclosed that the files contained evidence that Moscow had contributed $2,500 to the institute—neglecting to mention, however, that the institute received financial support from each of its ten member countries,

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including, for instance, $18,000 in 1935 from the United States council.

Until recently, the McCarran subcommittee has operated for the most part *in camera*. It said in May that it would undertake an investigation to determine the connection, if any, between the Communists and the State Department's past criticisms of General MacArthur. Senator McCarran personally noted the "unhappy fact" that MacArthur had been opposed by officials of the State Department—including Secretary Dean Acheson, John Carter Vincent, and Owen Lattimore, whom the Senator described as a former State Department adviser—"on much the same grounds as were being advanced by the Communists." Parallelism holds unlimited possibilities for the hunters of heresy.

It appears that the McCarran group conceives of itself as having, like the House Committee on Un-American Activities, a roving assignment to explore and expose whatever may seem to it to be subversive. There are literally no boundaries to its jurisdiction and no check upon its power to punish. Immediately following the State Department's recent suspension of two career foreign-service officers, a member of the subcommittee said it might look into the matter, though the subject would seem to be plainly within the province of the Foreign Relations Committee. The same might be said of the subcommittee's investigation of "Communist tendencies" in the Voice of America. Senator McCarran's aim seems to be to turn it into the Voice of McCarran.

If the McCarran group chooses to act upon irresponsible accusations by dubious witnesses, and to publicize them under the protection of Congressional immunity, it will be able to inflict terrible injuries upon those who incur its disfavor. "Other Senators," Marquis Childs reported in a recent column, "are deeply disturbed at what they say has become a sort of private Gestapo operated by McCarran."

Judges on Trial

The Internal Security Act of 1950 provided something new in American life—a five-member Subversive Activities Control Board to determine officially whether voluntary associations of American citizens are "Communist-action" or "Communist-front" organizations as the Act defines these terms. The board is to function, in effect, as a licensing body for political groups.

Five unimpeachably anti-Communist citizens were given recess appointments to this board by the President in October, 1950. Their names were submitted to the Senate for regular appointment in November and again in February. There was no decision on them until July 30. The nominations had remained pigeonholed in the Senate Judiciary Committee until that day, when it recommended favorable action on three—not including the acting chairman, Charles LaFollette.

A serious problem was created by this delay. For the board had begun to function despite the uncertainty of its own tenure. When the Communist Party failed to register voluntarily with the Department of Justice as a "Communist-action" organization, the Attorney General petitioned the board to require it to do so. In April, the board began formal hearings to determine whether the Communist Party is a "Communist-action" organization.

These hearings, of course, are mere ritual. No one entertains much doubt as to their outcome. The McCarran Act's definition of a "Communist-action" organization is a carefully drawn description of the Communist Party. The ritual is important, nevertheless, as a means of maintaining the Act's constitutionality—and as a means of demonstrating to the world that Americans have not wholly forsaken their own traditions of justice. If this ritual was to have any real meaning, however, the Subversive Activities Control Board had to function as a genuinely independent, impartial, quasi-judicial body. It had to be free to make its determination about the Communist Party on the basis of the evidence.

But in the circumstances it had no freedom or independence. Its members sat only at the pleasure of Senator McCarran. They could hold their jobs only as long as they toed his mark. If they did anything that displeased him, he could bring out an unfavorable report on their nominations and have them rejected. In short, the judges were subject to the judgment of McCarran's committee. That they themselves were on trial was disclosed in a colloquy between Charles LaFollette, chairman of the board's hearing panel, and Benjamin Gitlow, a witness for the government. Gitlow admitted that at the conclusion of the previous day's hearing he had made a report of sorts to Benjamin Mandel, research director of the McCarran subcommittee. The following exchange, taken from the transcript of proceedings before the board on May 14, ensued:

MR. LAFOLLETTE: Mr. Gitlow, I would like to ask you this: In any of the conversations which you have had with Mr. Mandel, with reference to the conduct of this case, have you discussed with him your opinion or evaluation of the conduct of any member of this panel during the hearing?
THE WITNESS: I discussed the conduct of this case, I discussed the attorneys in the case, I discussed the members of the panel.
MR. LAFOLLETTE: You discussed the members of the panel?
THE WITNESS: That is right.
MR. LAFOLLETTE: And their conduct during . . . these hearings?
THE WITNESS: I did. . . .
MR. LAFOLLETTE: And do you or do you not know that the question of the

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confirmation of the members of this board, including, of course, the members of the hearing panel, is undecided at the present, by the Senate Judiciary Committee?

THE WITNESS: I knew of that fact.

MR. LAFOLLETTE: Do you or do you not know that Mr. Mandel is on the payroll of the Senate Judiciary Committee?

THE WITNESS: I know he is on the payroll of the . . . Committee.

MR. LAFOLLETTE: Mr. Paisley [the Government prosecutor], my personal reaction is these are very very unpleasant answers to hear from this witness.

The McCarran Leash

They were very unpleasant indeed. They suggested blatantly that the board was on the end of a leash. This situation was an intolerable one, which made the entire proceedings seem farcical. Even now the Senate can maintain respect for American justice before the bar of world opinion only by freeing SACB from its equivocal position. It can confirm or reject the President's appointments, but it cannot leave them in limbo, as the Judiciary Committee did for so long, without destroying the board's prestige and stultifying its decisions.

There is another important consideration. The hearings on the Communist Party are likely to run beyond the present session of Congress. The board has been without a permanent chairman since the resignation of Seth Richardson on account of illness at the end of June. LaFollette has been named acting chairman until a new chairman can be chosen by the President. Significantly, no action has been taken on LaFollette by the Judiciary Committee. Moreover, no one nominated to fill the vacancy created by Richardson's resignation could take office or draw his salary until he had been confirmed by the Senate. His position would differ from that of the present members, who are legally able to serve pending final Senate action because they received recess appointments.

Benjamin Gitlow

Richardson made his resignation the occasion for some rather vigorous remarks about the position Senator McCarran had put him in. He was quoted by *Time* (June 18) as follows: "The natural thing for [McCarran's] committee to do if it doubted the board [SACB] was to hold a meeting to find out if we were s.o.bs. But no. There was no hearing. The damned representative of Franco could get a hearing and sit in the committee councils, but decent Americans couldn't . . . It makes me damned mad to have the papers announce that damned scaly representative of a scaly country can have a conference with the Judiciary Committee when five men who are just as good can't have a hearing . . ."

Richardson was referring to an incident that took place in Senator McCarran's office on May 29. The Senator summoned into his presence several high officials of the State Department and the Export-Import Bank. When they got there, they found the Spanish Ambassador, Don José Félix de Lequerica, in attendance and were commanded to explain forthwith why American economic aid was not flowing to Spain more swiftly. Franco seems to be well represented in America.

Torpedoing Nimitz

On January 23 of this year, President Truman announced the establishment of a Commission on Internal Security and Individual Rights, composed of nine members under the chairmanship of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The President had been importuned for more than a year to create such a commission. When at last he did so, there was widespread approval both of its program and of its personnel. An objective, disinterested appraisal of the whole complex of internal-security measures and procedures—in Congress, the FBI, the Loyalty Review Boards,

Charles LaFollette

and so on—was urgently needed at the beginning of the year. It is desperately needed now. The lack of it led the President recently to seek from the National Security Council a study of the way in which the security-risk program —which has no uniform standards or procedures and no provision for review at a central point—is operating. Among the other matters the Nimitz Commission would undoubtedly have investigated are reliance on anonymous sources of information, the diversion of FBI agents to personnel investigation and away from counterintelligence activities, and the restrictions of the McCarran Act itself.

Senator McCarran has found an effective way, however, to keep the Nimitz Commission from functioning —the "conflict of interests" statutes, which forbid Federal employees to do business with a government agency for two years after they have left government service. It was taken for granted when the commission was created that its members would be exempted from these statutes, and legislation to that end was promptly adopted by the House. But the Senate Judiciary Committee, despite pleas from the President, Admiral Nimitz, and other commission members, voted against it.

The conflict-of-interest laws are undoubtedly a wise and necessary restraint. But of course they were never meant to apply to a temporary body such as the Nimitz Commission. More-

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over, the high character of the commission's members, as well as the special nature of their jobs, affords pretty effective assurance that they would not seek to profit from their service.

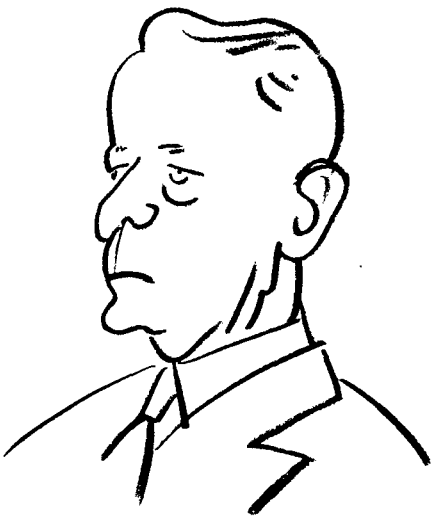
Unless they are granted exemption, however, nearly all the commission members would have to pay a prohibitively high price for serving the government. Two of them are lawyers accustomed to appear before government agencies in behalf of clients. Three are industrialists who would be liable to fines of two thousand dollars and prison terms of two years because concerns with which they are connected have defense contracts. Two are clergymen who might be obliged to appear before government agencies in connection with tax problems relating to charitable bequests or in regard to general legislation in which their churches are interested. Admiral Nimitz is specially prohibited as a military officer from taking any other Federal job. The statute would have to be waived to enable him to serve, just as it was waived for General Marshall when he became a member of the Cabinet.

Some Precedents

The fact that occasional exemptions were contemplated when Congress enacted the conflict-of-interest laws is made perfectly plain by the express declaration in two sections that they shall not apply "to any person specially excepted by . . . Congress." The statutes were waived for members of the Hoover Commission, civilians who served in the Selective Service system, and certain persons performing important functions under the Defense Production and Federal Civil Defense Acts; and they were waived in numerous cases involving Congressional employees.

Senator McCarran himself has expressed as well as anybody the reasons for such waivers. The *Congressional Record* for August 23, 1950, contains the following illuminating discussion of a joint resolution to exempt "certain committee counsel from certain Federal laws":

MR. SCHOEPPEL: Mr. President, may I inquire of the distinguished chairman whether this measure follows the usual procedure for the protection of those appointments?



Admiral Nimitz

MR. MCCARRAN: That is correct.
MR. SCHOEPPEL: I have no objection.
MR. MCCARRAN: I should like to make a brief statement. It has been increasingly difficult to induce professional men to accept committee assignments such as this bill contemplates, and under present law a counsel is precluded from appearing for profit before governmental agencies and bureaus. This is particularly harsh upon counsel who serve on a temporary basis as in the instant case.

Unless these exemptions are made, the Government is deprived of the talents and wisdom of exceptional men and women, since lawyers will not yield their right to practice for profit before governmental bureaus and agencies. Finally, there have been numerous precedents for the passage of the joint resolution.

Koestler Is Different

The joint resolution was promptly passed without objection. That was Senator McCarran speaking when he wanted an exemption bill to go through. But Senator McCarran, in a letter replying to the President's plea for exemption of the Nimitz Commission, piously observed: "I have heard no one state that these statutes ought to be removed from the body of the law. Yet the effect of repeated legislative exemptions of persons from the operation of the law serves only as a piecemeal destruction of the statutes."

A few days later, Senator McCarran came forward with a favorable report from his Judiciary Committee on a private bill for the relief of Arthur Koestler. Under the terms of the McCarran Act, Koestler is subject to mandatory exclusion from the United States because he was a voluntary member of the Communist Party of Germany from 1931 to 1938. Ever since 1938, to be sure, Koestler has been a vehement and effective anti-Communist, as well as a writer of distinction deserving a welcome in this country.

However, the McCarran Act bars him unequivocally, leaving no loopholes—save by the kind of special exemption which, according to Senator McCarran, "serves only as a piecemeal destruction of the statutes."

Senator McCarran's antipathy to the Nimitz Commission can best be explained, perhaps, by reference to the President's definition of its intended jurisdiction. Announcing its creation, Mr. Truman said:

"The Commission will make a thorough examination of the laws, practices, and procedures concerning the protection of our Nation against treason, espionage, sabotage, and other subversive activities, and of the operation of and any need for changes in such laws, practices, and procedures. The Commission will also consider the methods used by public or private groups for the purpose of protecting us against such activities. It will consider these matters from the standpoint of protecting both the internal security of our country and the rights of individuals, and will seek the wisest balance that can be struck between security and freedom."

In his letter to the President about the Nimitz Commission, Senator McCarran referred to "the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, whose work is similar to that of the commission. . . ."

With the Nimitz Commission out of the way, Senator McCarran will now oversee the operation of the McCarran Act, Senator McCarran will consider the methods used by the McCarran subcommittee, and Senator McCarran will determine whether Senator McCarran has found the wisest balance that can be struck between security and freedom. As for Senator McCarran's qualifications to exercise all this authority—Senator McCarran will doubtless pass upon these too.

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Our Crowded Target Areas

Government and industry, ignoring the lesson of Nagasaki, have neglected our best defense against the A-bomb—dispersion

RALPH E. LAPP

AMERICAN INDUSTRY, greatly expanded during the Second World War and further enlarged in the postwar years, is now being fortified to the extent of over $20 billion to meet the urgent demands of our present mobilization. Despite our industry's already dangerously high vulnerability to atomic attack, new war plants are still being located in critical target areas.

Last fall the National Security Resources Board was assigned responsibility for approving pieces of paper called certificates of necessity, which permit a company to write off, for purposes of tax saving, the cost of new plant construction over a period of five years rather than the usual twenty to twenty-five. Subsequently the Defense Production Administration was made the certifying authority, and up to the present date more than $8 billion worth of certificates have been approved. Roughly forty per cent of the dollar value of this new construction has been slated for metropolitan areas. The enormity of this defiance of the simple rules of atomic common sense is only slightly lessened by the fact that some of the plants are not to be built right in the center of metropolitan areas (presumably because such areas are too heavily populated or have too high tax structures).

A House subcommittee investigating the granting of certificates of necessity has reported: "Under the present policy [of granting certificates of necessity] no effort is made by the Government to control the location of new facilities through certificates; the selection of the site is left entirely to the applicant." The report concludes: ". . . after studying all aspect of this matter . . . the failure on the part of administrators of the program to make any effort whatever to locate new industrial facilities with regard to military security is most illogical and unreasonable."

Pre-Atomic Mobilization

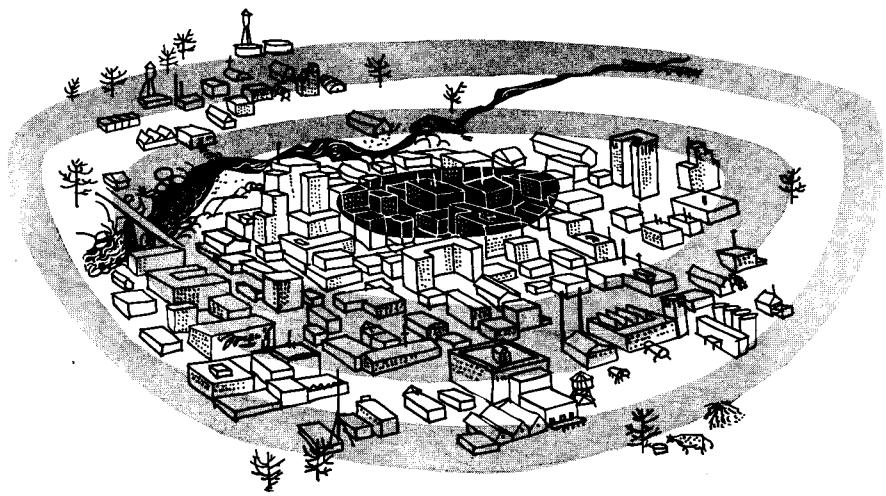
It is especially paradoxical that NSRB should rubber-stamp certificates of necessity without considering the national security, because that very agency has shown in its brochure, *National Security Factors in Industrial Location,* that it understands dispersion of plants to be basic defense against A-bombs. This reads: "The whole problem of industrial dispersion boils down to a common-sense application of the old adage about not putting all of one's eggs in one basket. . . . The job of dispersion is one that industry must assume, both for its own protection and that of national security."

The Office of Defense Mobilization has dodged the industrial dispersion issue, apparently because it considers it politically infeasible and because it prefers to concentrate on "getting the job done." Our present mobilization effort has thus become in this respect a postscript to the Second World War program. Industry, with ODM's blessing, is following the well-traveled but now dangerous road of pre-atomic mobilization. With but minor exceptions this road has been followed in our entire industrial development since V.-J. Day. Five years of unprecedented construction have witnessed an annual expenditure of about $18 billion, the bulk of which has been funneled into our largest metropolitan areas.

How Far Is Enough?

Data compiled for thirty-five prime target areas, almost all of which are metropolitan, reveal that fifty-six per cent of the nation's industrial product by dollar value originates in these manufacturing centers. Chicago alone accounts for seven per cent of the total. Anyone who has looked down upon a large city from an airplane knows how plants are usually crowded within city limits. To be sure, some industry has moved out to the country, but not far enough out, and open space around the plant is soon filled with the outsprawl from the city.

Dispersing manufacturing facilities



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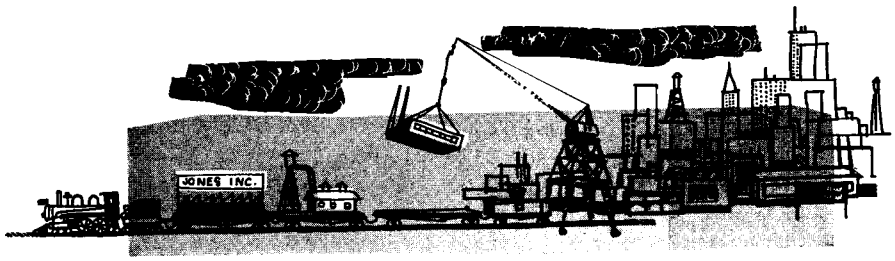


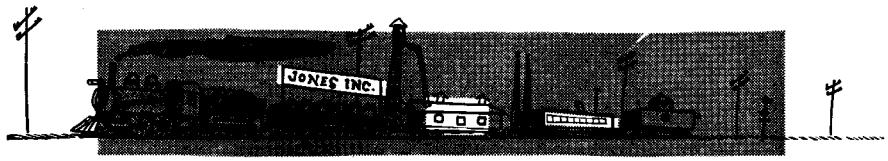
beyond city limits can be an effective defense measure if the dispersion distance is considerable and if permanent open space is maintained between the city and the plants. Just what is meant by a "considerable" distance? In some cases the dispersal distance should be as high as twenty miles, for example, in the case of huge plants which necessarily attract other smaller industries. In other instances a few miles may be sufficient.

Since our industrial plants represent fixed investments of long duration in the sense of national security, their defense must be planned not just for the weapons of today but for those still below the technical horizon. In this connection, a New York industrialist told his colleagues: "Don't try to protect your plants. If you locate in the suburbs, five years from now the A-bomb will be so much bigger it will get you anyway." Such pessimism is not warranted, since every weapon, even the H-bomb, can be combated with the proper use of space. In fact, unless industry goes underground (and this is generally regarded as impractical), our *only* defense weapon is space.

The combination of official secrecy and unrestrained guessing has discouraged many industrialists from any kind of action. When the Atomic Energy Commission detonated A-bombs near Las Vegas early this year, light flashes were visible from points four hundred miles distant. These tests convinced many laymen that the H-bomb had been ushered into the world, even though the AEC later denied it. Tersely worded official statements from Eniwetok about "weapons several times more powerful than the Hiroshima-Nagasaki type" compounded the confusion.

Industry cannot be expected to erect defenses against unknown weapons. Nor can it safely proceed in its planning on the basis of information passed out over Washington dinner tables. The facts about the power of new weapons already have been brought out in testimony before a Congressional committee considering the dispersal of Federal agencies. Top AEC officials were called upon to advise what would be judged to be a safe distance for establishing six new agency sites close to Washington, D. C. They stated that twelve miles would be adequate from the standpoint of the probable power of new atomic weapons and twenty miles for other possible weapons.

As long as the government keeps data essential for sound industrial development secret, and until ODM changes its shortsighted policy of giving industry free rein in plant location, there will be further concentration of war plants in prime target areas.



The Pentagon's Aloofness

One might expect the military services to exert influence in safeguarding their future tanks, planes, and ships. The late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, testifying before the Senate inquiry into the MacArthur ouster, commented on the reasons for Soviet hesitancy in plunging into a third world war: ". . . . the deterrent to war with us is the realization of our technical and industrial potential, the forces we have, our ability to expand them, that there is the realization on the other side that if a general war comes, they will be defeated." Yet the military establishment has never announced any policy on the security of the nation's war plants. On the other hand, it seems to have gone out of its way to emphasize our vulnerability to air attack.

An exceptional instance in which the military intervened in plant location was in the transfer of the Boeing Aircraft Corporation's B-47 production from Seattle, Washington, to Wichita, Kansas. W. Stuart Symington, as Secretary of the Air Force, personally strong-armed this relocation. The case is worth discussing because Seattle reacted vigorously and constructively. Its Chamber of Commerce realized that the Boeing incident could well condemn the city as a site for future industrial growth. To counter this threat the Chamber of Commerce announced an approach to industrial mobilization in which dispersion of key industries plays an essential role. Certain areas judged to be out of bomb range have been designated for new manufacturing facilities. Time must elapse before the effectiveness of the Seattle plan can be assessed, but certainly the basic philosophy behind the scheme is heartening. Milwaukee is likewise adopting a progressive attitude toward industrialization, not because it suffered a Boeing incident but because it has an enlightened mayor, Frank P. Zeidler.

Any sane program of dispersal must begin with a critical evaluation of the present vulnerability of existing war plants. In the language of the war planners this means that there must be a target analysis of U.S. industry by men who look at our industrial concentrations through the eyes of Soviet strategists. Target analyses have already been made by the Air Force and by the National Security Resources Board, and only recently two new groups have set to work on the task —the Industry Evaluation Board in the Department of Commerce and the Facilities Protection Board of the National Security Council. NSRB itself has started a new attack upon the over-all problem and is currently formulating a national policy for industrial dispersion. Announcement of this policy is expected from the White House some time this summer.

Brooding Yankees

Anticipating President Truman's policy statement, Representative James T. Patterson (R., Connecticut) has taken issue with dispersion by quoting the Bridgeport *Post:* ". . . a scheme to fill

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up the empty spaces of the South and Southwest, not by enterprise, not by the long process of building up a place in industry through merit and competition, but simply by deliberate brutal Government action transferring established industry from one section of the country and planting it somewhere else through the manipulation of Government contracts." A group of Congressmen, for whom Representative Patterson is a spokesman, have been increasingly worried about the loss of industry from New England ever since the much-publicized uprooting of the Chance Vought Aircraft Company from Stratford, Connecticut, near Bridgeport. The long-distance move, in this case to Texas, paralleled the Boeing case. Together they form the two big exceptions to the rule of non-dispersion.

New England need have little fear that the Administration plans to parcel northeastern industry out to the rest of the country. But if the policies now being developed are put into effect, New England along with the rest of the nation will find that it is no longer at liberty to select new plant sites without first considering national security. The government has a number of powerful tools that can be used to persuade industry if the latter should disregard atomic vulnerability. One, already mentioned, is the certificate of necessity. Others are loan guarantees, direct loans, direct supply of equipment, allocation of critical materials, and preference in the awarding of military contracts. No new mechanisms have to be invented to put the pressure on industry; they exist but have not been put into effect.

Certain critical industries, evaluated as absolutely essential to war production, may have to be shifted to new locations. This does not mean they will be lifted bodily out of New England and set down in Kansas. More likely the government's policy will be to recommend the relocation of plants somewhere within the same market area but well outside of bomb range. Such drastic action will be limited to relatively few plants, but as plants become obsolete the companies concerned will be encouraged to build elsewhere if the old location is vulnerable to attack. Many plants, especially those in the chemical field or where technological advancement is very rapid, go out of date in as little as five years.

The Price

An argument frequently advanced to block dispersion is that it will cost too much. Although it is absurd to think of dispersing all industry, even this colossal task is not nearly so unattainable as it might seem. A rough estimate of the replacement cost for American plants, arrived at by adding up (in terms of 1950 dollars) the prewar U.S. industrial plant cost, the amount of wartime construction, and the very considerable additions to the total since the war, puts the replacement cost at slightly more than $300 billion. Since we are spending an average of about $18 billion per year on new construction and equipment, simple mathematics would indicate that we could replace our total industry in about two decades. The actual process is, of course, more involved than simple arithmetic, and the time required would be longer, but no one proposes that we demolish our present economy and completely replace it.

If we subtract plants that are not essential to war production, we eliminate about sixty per cent of the total. Furthermore, since some of these plants are peripherally dispersed, are in small towns, or are not even in target areas, the amount of industry for hypothetical relocation would be further reduced. The dollar total thus involved would probably become about $90 billion.

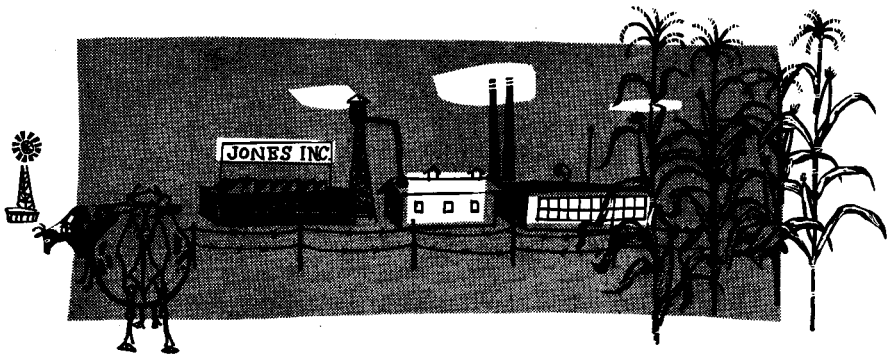
This figure drops further when one considers that equipment could be reinstalled in relocated plants. Since equipment costs usually outweigh direct plant-construction costs by a factor of between two and three, it may be deduced that with our present outlays for new construction we can replace our most vulnerable essential plants in about ten years. It must be emphasized that this is selective dispersion, applied only to critical plants which are judged to be in target areas. Selective relocation obviously should not and cannot take in such installations as breweries, soft-drink bottlers, department stores, or dry cleaners.

Six years ago in Nagasaki the Mitsubishi Steel Works and a score of other factories were, much like U.S. plants today, turning out war goods. Then came the fateful day when the atomic bomb was introduced to Japanese industry. Yet, judged by six postwar years of unrivaled construction and concentration of plants, U.S. industry has apparently not learned the lesson of the twisted girders and crumbled walls of factories built too close together.

The Unwary Eagle

Businessmen point out in their own defense that they have not been encouraged to disperse and that the government has announced no program for industrial relocation. They are, of course, correct, for it is a case of multiple negligence. The Pentagon says dispersion is not its responsibility. Put to the test, NSRB and ODM have both refused to come to grips with the problem until now. Only at this late date, with defense construction well under way, is NSRB valiantly trying to put teeth into a sound dispersion policy. Meanwhile the steady agglomeration of defense plants in overcrowded target areas keeps on adding to the country's vulnerability.

A Libyan fable chronicled by Aeschylus may well be pertinent to American industry. An eagle stricken with a dart said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft, "With our own feathers, not by others' hands, are we now smitten." Perhaps the moral of the fable, the omen of Nagasaki, and the new drive within the NSRB may yet jog the lagging memory of U.S. industry.



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The Medal Man

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN, a mild-looking man who has spent the better part of his fifty-seven years spreading what he calls "the gospel of American design," encourages manufacturers of products that meet his standards by the presentation of an award, the Fashion Academy Gold Medal. According to the trade paper *Advertising Age,* Hartman's medal has become "one of the most effective merchandising devices of the postwar period . . ." In one recent issue of *Life,* for instance, Hartman's medal was proudly featured in a two-page full-color spread advertising an automobile, in a one-page ad for a two-dollar necktie, and in a half-page ad for an expensive line of cigarette lighters. The Gold Medal has figured in $50 million worth of advertising.

Originally, Hartman restricted his awards to "fashion significance" that was directly related to his own specialty, which happens to be women's wearing apparel. But recently Hartman's confidence in his own ability to know a good design when he sees one has enabled him to branch out, and in the last two years he has awarded medals for wrist watches, silverware, fountain pens, refrigerators, plastic materials, television sets, phonograph turntables, dictating machines, home electric appliances, and the Chicago *Tribune,* whose editor shares Hartman's taste for American fashions and designs.

Designs for Living

The Fashion Academy itself, the institution whose name and reputation stand behind the awards, is not, as one might mistakenly suppose, a society of experts such as the National Academy of Arts and Sciences or the Motion Picture Academy. It is a school that aids young women who possess "a decided interest in clothes, a natural understanding of line and color, and good coordination" in their efforts to become "style-conscious and fashion-alert." Hartman established the academy in 1917, after an unsuccessful career as a Greenwich Village artist. "I painted portraits, but I starved," he remarked the other day. "Then I painted animals. I painted animals until I was better known in the zoo than the lions and tigers, but I still nearly starved."

The switch from painting to teaching was a profitable one for Hartman. At present he accepts one hundred students at $2,520 a head for a year's tuition, and he says that he is obliged to turn applicants away. Even now that Hartman's opinions on the whole varied field of industrial design are being sought after, he still manages to spend a part of each day in the classroom, helping a young woman to pin a stole on a papier-mâché model here, casting an approving eye at the sketch of a décolleté evening gown there. The academy, which has been of service to more than two hundred thousand women, most of them by means of correspondence courses, is now housed in its own five-story building on Fifth Avenue above Sixty-second Street, just across from the Central Park Zoo.

The success of the school made it possible for Hartman to devote more of his time and attention to his principal enthusiasm, which he has defined as "the incomparable ability of Americans to create designs that are truly American in spirit, in need and in scope." During the 1920's Hartman began his annual ritual of selecting those who are, in his opinion, the ten best-dressed women of the year—American women who wear American clothes.

"Why, in those days the couturiers were even selling labels with fancy foreign names on them for the women to sew into their American garments," Hartman recalled indignantly the other day. "In some ways, we're the biggest saps in the world."

It was a short step for Hartman from selecting best-dressed women to bestowing his approval on just about anything else that pleases his eye. "After you've handled young women the way I've handled young women," he once said, "you get to realize how important the fashion significance of a product is. I believe that I have made the country *aware* of design."

Hartman feels that the $50 million spent on advertising by those whom he has honored offers ample evidence that his Gold Medals, which set him back almost $100 apiece, are, as he put it in a release not long ago, "the ultimate in fashion recognition . . . rich in meaning and commensurate with high standards of design and styling . . . aspired to and coveted by organizations of uncompromising integrity and respected dignity . . ."

The National Better Business Bureau has this to say on the subject of awards in general: "We think that when but one award is given in a field and all competition is not considered, the award is meaningless, its acceptance unworthy of American business, and any use of it in advertising which implies that it was won in competition deceives the public and is unfair to

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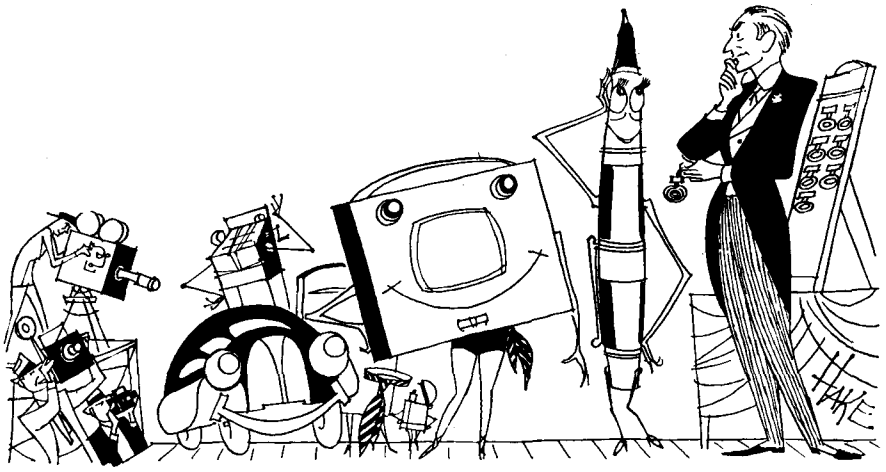
competition." And on Hartman's award in particular: "Mr. Hartman has informed [us] . . . that not all products in a given field are always reviewed, nor are side-by-side evaluations made."

The fault, if fault there is, would seem to lie not with Hartman, but with advertisers who, with or without Hartman's knowledge, have claimed, among other things, that the award is "Equal to the Oscar in motion pictures . . ." or that it is "fashion's highest honor." Hartman himself has said that some of their claims seem exaggerated to him. "But what an advertiser does with the award is his business," he explained. "Who's to stop him?"



Golf Club and Lipstick Combined

"They say I don't lay the products side by side," Hartman exploded contemptuously the other day. "For twenty-four years I've been giving awards for the best-dressed women. *They* didn't have to be laid side by side."

The reporter who was questioning Hartman asked him how he went about deciding what classifications of products to consider. "Well, we decided to take a carpet because we were already in the living room with a television set. We thought we might as well go right ahead and furnish the whole living room."

As he spoke Hartman was seated in his darkly baroque air-conditioned office. Beside an ornately decorated stone fireplace that extended into the room stood a metal object resembling a limbless sapling out of which grew a wrought-iron ash tray and on top of which stood a filigreed glass lantern. "It's the *design* of a product that I look at," Hartman said emphatically. Criticisms have been heard from some quarters to the effect that Hartman lacks the engineering training that might be required to pass judgment on the design of complex mechanical products. "When you buy something today, you *expect* it to run. What you're looking for is something that will have decorative qualities."

Hartman laughed. "One morning two men came to the door at *eight*-fifteen and said they had something they wanted to show me. Know what it was? Men's suspenders. What kind of fashion significance is there in men's suspenders?"

Now and then Hartman has occasion to practice what he preaches by working on the design of something other than women's ready-to-wear. "A company that makes women's golf clubs gave me their line to look over," Hartman told the reporter, "and I was able to show them how they could screw a lipstick right into the handle of the club. 'Emil,' they said, 'this is the best thing we've seen in a hundred years.' But it turned out that the golfing authorities wouldn't let them put any removable weights in the club. It's more difficult to get design into something like a golf club than into something like a television set."

The reporter asked Hartman how he went about evaluating the design of something like a television set. Hartman pushed his steel-rimmed glasses up on his forehead to get a better look at some papers he was examining. "Well, it's just the way I told you. We decided to take a television set because we were already in the living room with a carpet. We thought we might as well go right ahead and furnish the whole living room." A little later Hartman put it this way to the reporter: "Look, suppose I like the way you comb your hair. Who's to stop me from giving you a prize for it?"

Sour Gripes

Although Hartman is troubled by some of the criticism that has come his way in the last few months, he feels that most of it has originated with unsuccessful candidates for the award. "One guy in particular threatened to crucify me because I wouldn't give an award to a certain product he was interested in. He said he was going to go around and expose me. Do you think the people who have spent $50 million advertising this thing would want to have anything to do with a guy like that? I'm still waiting to be crucified."

Those who try bribes instead of threats meet an equal stubbornness, according to Hartman, who resents suggestions that he gets some sort of rake-off from the companies that receive awards. "If they want to help spread the gospel of American design that I have been advocating for thirty-four years, why shouldn't they be able to?" Hartman asked the reporter. "Who's to stop them?"

One convenient way in which recipients of the awards find it possible to help Hartman spread the gospel is by donating scholarships to the Fashion Academy itself. There is no compulsion for them to provide these scholarships, Hartman makes it clear, but it turns out that a great many of them do wish to do so. Although Hartman is modest about this, it has been said that more than forty scholarships have been thus made available to the orphans of men who fell while serving the armed forces. One large manufacturer of automobiles alone, at a cost of $25,200, has made it possible for ten well-co-ordinated young women to become style-conscious and fashion-alert under Hartman's tutelage.

But beyond all these satisfactions, Hartman values the new friends he has made through the distribution of his medals—important men who determine policies of the advertising world involving millions of dollars. "If I had remained merely an educator, teaching girls how to design dresses, I never would have met all these wonderful people," Hartman said at the end of the interview. "Educators live in their ivory towers, and they never have a chance to meet people who are really *doing* things."

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Madman, I Love You

Transcontinental trips on unscheduled airlines sometimes aren't all they're radio-advertised to be

DAVID KENYON WEBSTER

A NONSCHEDULED-AIRLINE ticket broker, whom I shall call Madman Maloney, is familiar to radio listeners of his headquarters cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York.

The Madman offers luxurious transcontinental air transportation at rates only slightly higher than bus fares, and like many another member of the radio public, I had heard so much about him that when the time came for me to fly East on a limited budget, I immediately thought of him.

I picked up the phone and dialed the number mentioned on the radio. "Wait a minute!" a brittle female voice answered, switching my call to the nearest siding. I waited five. Still no connection. This man is really doing business, I said to myself, and hung up.

New York for $87.50 (reduced rates for round trips) was, however, too good to miss, so I tried again later. Once more I was told to wait. After another five minutes' delay, I gave up and wrote a letter.

Two days later my phone rang. "This is Mr. Harris—Jim Harris, at Madman Maloney's. You want to go to New York? Good, we'll fix you up. When can you come out?"

I would be there the following afternoon, I told him, disarmed by the brisk, friendly voice. As soon as I had finished work the next day, I drove out to Maloney's office in Hollywood. A hard-eyed blonde receptionist took my name and buzzed for Harris, who bounced out of a cubicle and shook my hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Webster, glad to meet you," he said, as if I were a cash buyer entering a real-estate office. "I'll have your ticket for you in just a minute. Take a seat and make yourself at home."

As I had specified in my letter, I was to leave Burbank Monday night. I was told this would be at 9:30 P.M. and that I would arrive in New York at three the following afternoon.

Off We Go . . .

Monday night, my brother drove me to Burbank Airport. Hedged in by precipitous mountains, Burbank is the Los Angeles headquarters for the nonscheduled carriers. Its main building bears a strong family resemblance to a bus terminal. Bus-line employees, however, wear neat uniforms; at Burbank, casual men in sport shirts sell you tickets and weigh your bags. My first impression was that this would be a rather offhand trip. I was right.

To begin with, there was a slight difficulty with the ticket sellers, none of whom wanted to honor my receipt. Harris had told me to report to one booth, which I shall call Trans-Siberian Airlines. In all innocence clutching my ticket, I approached the counter.

"I was told to report here," I said. The agent, who had seen me coming, interrupted with a "Sorry, there's no flight out tonight. Try Red Ball Airlines, across the way."

Red Ball would have as little to do with me as Trans-Siberian. At this point all the stories of Hollywood promotions welled up in me like a tidal wave and I bitterly recalled the advice of an uncle who had repeatedly warned me, "Never speak to anyone in Hollywood." The Red Ball agent referred me to World Wide, two booths up.

As I timidly advanced, fearing another rejection, a girl behind the counter spied my ticket and remarked, "Oh-oh, here comes another Maloney."

But World Wide was amenable. Yes, they said, chewing their cigars, we have the 9:30 flight to New York. Stand by till it's announced.

At 10:30, after all the other lines' flights had left and only the Madman's fares remained, seething, in the littered terminal, we were called outside to the gate. But where was the plane? The field was bare—not a plane in sight. Then the gate opened. A harassed and rumpled young man took our tickets as we filed by, leaving us no proof of passage or money paid to show for further transportation if our plane broke down en route.

Into the Wild Blue Yonder

Hiding out of sight around the corner was a bare, unmarked C-46 Commando. Most of the passengers were somewhat shocked, since they had paid for passage on a four-engined plane.

This was unmistakably a two-engined plane, though it had a body like a bloated cigar. There were fifty-three passengers; I counted them twice to make sure. The aisle was so narrow that we had to pass each other sideways, the seats so close together that when the man in front tilted his back, I had to dangle my legs over the arm of my chair and sit facing the aisle. The lights flickered low as the pilot warmed

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up the motors for all of two minutes, and presently we were airborne.

An old woman got sick as soon as we started over the mountains; a baby cried itself to sleep up forward; small children ran up and down the aisle; many people bitterly referred to the Madman's "Luxury travel at bargain prices. . . . Giant, four-engine planes. . . . Choice seats . . . and free meals aloft," and, drinking their tepid coffee, swore to go by train next time. So we bounced and swayed to Albuquerque.

We arrived at 3 A.M. Now, Albuquerque at any hour is not exactly the wildest, most intriguing desert metropolis; at three in the morning it's deader than last week's newspaper. Since I couldn't sleep, I asked the stewardess, a charming, conscientious girl patently embarrassed by Maloney's casual attitude toward both his passengers and the Air Age, if we had time for a cup of coffee.

"Yes," she said, "but hurry. We're only going to be here a few minutes."

Ever since my father and I arrived on the dock just as our liner was pulling out of Hong Kong in 1935, I have been obsessed with a fear of missing connections, so I gulped my coffee and hastened back to the plane in the cool, sage-smelling darkness. Reluctant to return to quarters as cramped as the womb, I stood outside and watched a gas truck chug out of a dark hangar.

Its driver, a tousled man whom I recognized as the one who had taken my ticket at Burbank, stopped behind the left wing, climbed onto it, and filled the tanks there. When both sets of tanks had been filled, he returned the truck to its hangar and entered our plane. I followed him aboard.

"Who's that?" I asked the hostess as he went forward.

"Oh," she replied nonchalantly, "that's our pilot." She shut the door.

The pilot clicked on the motors, the lights flickered and faded, and there was the usual dry whir, but no response from the engines. More clicking, more fading. The passengers became restive; nobody wanted to be stranded in Albuquerque. Finally, a tall, not unattractive, Hollywood-type girl in slacks and a delightfully filled short-sleeved white blouse came out of the pilots' cabin, and we started, exactly one hour after our arrival. I timed it. The slacks girl moved up with the pilot again.

The baby, who had cried steadily on the ground, was lulled silent by the motion of flight; the sick old woman slept fitfully, and the rest of the plane was quiet. I accepted a dry sandwich and another tepid cup of Burbank coffee from the stewardess.

We landed at Kansas City at 9 A.M. "You will be here thirty-five minutes," the stewardess announced, after opening the door. "You can get breakfast at the terminal. Please be back on time." I gulped breakfast, shaved with borax (there being no water or washbasin on the plane), and made it back in half an hour flat. That left me only one hour to wait; we were in Kansas City an hour and a half.

We changed crews while we were waiting. Before our little blonde hostess left, I asked her about the girl in slacks.

"Oh," she replied in a peculiarly breathless way she had, "that's the co-pilot."

The Maloney Baloney

I smiled, and she felt compelled to defend World Wide against Maloney. "You know," she said, defrosting slightly, "we get blamed for everything that Madman Maloney says or does. We're an independent airline. He's just a ticket broker. He sends us passengers and we fly them. We don't charge people for four-engined planes and then fly them in DC-3s or C-46s; we don't promise free chicken dinners aloft—we can't afford them. But we get blamed. Everybody in this plane thinks it's Maloney's, but he's just the broker."

"How come nobody would take my ticket but you people?" I asked. I told her of my experience at Burbank.

"That's because he owes them money. He'll call up and place, say, thirty passengers for New York, Friday night. The airline will take them. Then, when they bill him, he says he'll pay later."

WE FLEW high and hot over the Middle West, glad to see green country again, and all talk and activity died down in the noonday calm. A six-year-old boy kept walking down the aisle to give me his comic books. I asked him, when we were on excellent speaking terms, if he was the new co-pilot. He didn't think I was serious.

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The Slavic Paradox

Not dialectics but people shape Russia, says Edward Crankshaw in his new book

DOROTHY THOMPSON

CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL. By Edward Crankshaw. *Viking. $3.50.*

THE FIRST casualties of every war, cold or hot, are objective historical analysis and intellectual perspective. War creates hatred; hatred blinds. And hate blindness is not an asset even in war, for it prevents a cool appraisal of the enemy's real points of strength and weakness, often endowing him with assets he does not possess and attributing to him liabilities from which he does not suffer.

'Returned Unopened'

The gift of empathy—the capacity to put oneself into the opponent's shoes—is rare in itself. It requires more than knowledge and brains; it requires imagination. Even lovers quarrel, attributing to a partner's word, gesture, or act a motive exactly opposite to that which inspired it. Empathy is rare even among governments and peoples bound by long ties or kindred culture and common interest. But when a nation has committed itself to a struggle with a named enemy, empathy is a victim, and one's attempt to exercise it is not highly regarded by one's own nationals. Nevertheless without it "psychological warfare" is futile.

Cracks in the Kremlin Wall is an intelligent attempt to explore the mind of Russia and of Russia's rulers. The attempt is necessary, for I am convinced that in the psychological and diplomatic conflict with Russia we are often sending messages to an address from which they are bound to be "returned unopened."

Crankshaw is pro-Russian—with strong reservations. He is decisively anti-Communist. But he has set himself the task of ascertaining what Russian Bolshevism really is—not what Russia's leaders or Russia's enemies declare it to be, and further, *why* it is, and what, if any, contradictions have developed out of the application of a political and economic theory to the governing of the Soviet peoples and those of the satellite countries. What historical experiences, geographical factors, religious influences, myths, and folklore have contributed to make the Soviet people, more specifically the Russian people, the way they are?

Of course the value of even this attempt will be lost on those who think all nations and peoples are basically alike, and that all cultures—for instance "The American Way of Life"—are interchangeably exportable. Crankshaw, being a historian and a wise man, has no such superficial notions. So he asks himself first what Russia is, and then inquires to what extent the Russian Revolution, originally imported from the West, has modified the Russian mind. Where has it elicited natural responses, and where has it been frustrated? To what extent was Lenin's Communism influenced by Lenin's Russianism?

I am not competent to declare that the author has all the answers. But he does ask the right questions, and this is always the beginning of wisdom.

His essay reveals by the evidence of every page that he has made a profound, realistic attempt to feel and think himself into the Russian mind and experience. His first book on Russia, *Russia and the Russians,* was extraordinarily penetrating, though he makes it clear in this one that he himself was not yet satisfied.

The book is full of "facts" and facts taken largely from Soviet sources. Although I had been aware of most of them, Crankshaw's is a light-throwing mind, able to interpret convincingly both the facts and the language that clothes them. He not only knows Russian. He knows the codes of Politburo language.

National Character

Facts alone never provide the whole explanation for the behavior of a nation or its leaders. Nor, Crankshaw makes clear, does any formal ideology. To stay in power, government must adapt itself to the possible, which is always limited not only by the nature

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and capacity of the governors but also by the nature of the people governed. Mussolini was forced to recognize this when he deplored "the instrument," the Italian people, which Providence had given him for the realization of his plans to revive the empire of ancient Rome. But the modern Italian people are not ancient Romans, and no amount of Fascist ideology and exhortation could make them so.

Beyond facts and ideologies is always that instrument, always a national character which inevitably determines a nation's destiny—something rooted in largely unconscious and irrational forces. Crankshaw's work is valuable because he adds to his immense information a philosophical and historical training and a large shot of imaginative insight.

Anarchic Totalitarians

The result is the best book on Russia and Russian Communism that I have read since René Fülöp-Miller's *Mind and Face of Bolshevism,* which had much of the same quality. Published in the 1920's, it is still worth reading, though part is, of course, outdated. But the two books have this in common: Both authors have the gift of empathy, and both seek to probe the deeper roots of Bolshevism within the framework of a peculiar culture, with a peculiar attitude toward the state, the ruler, themselves, and their own destiny and mission. There is, in short, a natural Russian way of life, as there is a natural French, English, or American way of life—a way which, in Russia, for instance, has always accepted autocracy *as the price of freedom.* If anyone doubts this, let him read *The Brothers Karamazov, The Possessed,* and *Crime and Punishment.* Or let him read Joseph Conrad's *Under Western Eyes,* to which Crankshaw makes reference.

The author remarks astutely, ". . . many books offering an indictment of the Stalin regime in terms intelligible to western understanding, books like Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom* or Koestler's *The Yogi and the Commissar,* have done almost certainly more harm than good. They tell nothing but the truth, but they leave out Russia."

Crankshaw also indicts the Stalin régime, but he indicts it by Russian standards, not western. He does not, trying to think and feel as a Russian, indict it for autocracy. Crankshaw finds Russians disposed toward anarchy. Because this is so, they accept autocracy. Anarchy "is the absolute of freedom, and the Russian is an absolutist. If he cannot have anarchy, which is absolute freedom, it does not matter what he has. And he cannot have anarchy; the Russian knows that as well as we do. So he washes his hands of the whole business of freedom and has an autocracy instead."

This leaves him without the guilt of self-betrayal, because it spares him compromise. And for those to whom this concept seems bizarre the scene of the Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov* should be compulsory reading.

In tracing the interplay between ruler and ruled, between abstract theory and organic reality, Crankshaw effectively dissipates the misconception that the Russian rulers are operating according to a gigantic, carefully blueprinted master plan. Perhaps this misconception, so strongly held by many westerners, constitutes the Soviet government's strongest asset. We attribute to that government not only satanic evil but also satanic power. On this issue Crankshaw gets down to facts in analyzing Politburo actions under both Lenin and Stalin. He reveals contradictions, shot through with opportunism. Nothing resembling the application of a master blueprint explains them. On the contrary, Stalin, like Dimitri in *The Brothers Karamazov,* often appears to be "entertaining two diametrically opposite ideas at the same time." In short, Politburo attitudes and moves are characterized, as is the whole of Russian history, by duality and paradox.

Expansionist Nonbelligerents

Russia is expansionist—not only the U.S.S.R. but more particularly Russia. "But to say that Russia is traditionally an expanding power is not at all to say that she is a war-like power. . . . One of the many Russian paradoxes is that the most expansionist power in the world is also one of the least belligerent. . . . Russia [has no] moral scruples about going to war" (hence the lack of any audience for our complaints of "aggression"), but "she does not like going to war."

The Russian expansionist drive, Crankshaw finds, can be broken down into three aspects: the strategic, the economic, and the Messianic—the last having found a new expression in Marxian revolutionism. Russia's strategic expansion has been fostered by its physical occupation of the world's greatest plainland, and its birth in the small state of Muscovy in the midst of wide-open and highly vulnerable territory. Fear of encroaching peoples on the south, west, and east has led Russia to keep up a ceaseless outward pressure and "created the peculiar Russian method of defense by attack." In its central position on the vast Eurasian plain, the fear of encirclement was always a real fear, justified by much historical experience, to which Stalin (no less than other czars) can expect a positive response from the Russian people.

The Retreat Forward

If this be so, the lesson to be drawn is that anything external powers might do to contribute to this Russian neurosis would only cement the people behind the régime and make both of them more warlike because more afraid. It would appear that when Russia is thoroughly afraid, it retreats forward.

But there are opposing influences to this expansionism; there always have been. The immense amorphous territory, inhabited by people of anarchical tendencies, presents enormous problems of frontier defense, and Marshal Tito's contribution to Russian sanity

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may have been merely to prove that the presence of Communist governments is no sure defense. At any rate, in Russian history, remote and modern, Crankshaw discerns two paradoxically opposed tendencies, which he calls "Petrine" (from St. Petersburg) and "Moscovite"—the first toward expansion, especially westward, the second "an impulse of withdrawal from the outside world, above all from contamination by [the] West." This constant tendency in Russian history is perfectly obvious in our own day. The Iron Curtain is no new Russian phenomenon, but it is curiously incompatible with a plan to conquer the globe.

Russia also faces the problem of the sinews of war. Crankshaw is, among other things, a military expert, and his cool estimate of the strengths and weaknesses of the Red Army should calm the hysterical, at least to some extent. He does not pretend that there is no Russian or Communist danger, nor does he counsel relaxation of vigilance. But he does present some of the sobering considerations that must occupy the minds of Russia's leaders as they balance the wisdom of expansion versus withdrawal: the problem of dealing with various nationalities—immensely complicated by the acquisition of the satellite states; the serious deterioration in the Communist Party; the problems of all sorts created by Russia's violent and precipitate industrialization. Putting himself into the shoes of Russia's leaders, the author is convinced that Russian expansion into Europe would be no less disastrous for Russia than for the rest of us.

I have myself long thought that perhaps the greatest danger is that if or when Russia should choose withdrawal, the West, and the United States in particular, would utterly fail to recognize its will to do so, and by discouraging the infinitely desirable, make the opposite inevitable.

One thing is certain: Russia will make its choice only in the light of what its leaders conceive to be Russian interest. Only an argument that can evoke a response from the viewpoint of Russian interest will get a hearing. For no response can be won from any mind except by appealing to something already there. Crankshaw has told us what is there.

Healthmanship

The doctor's gambit, the patient's ploy —explored by the author of Gamesmanship

STEPHEN POTTER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Stephen Potter, author of* Gamesmanship, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating, *and the more general textbook* Lifemanship, The Art of Getting Away with It Without Being an Absolute Plonk *(both published in the United States by Henry Holt), has prepared the following monograph for all those who have occasion to deal with doctors, people who are sick, people who think they are sick, or people who pretend to be sick. The expert Lifeman, it will be remembered, is he who strives constantly to be "one up" on the other fellow, "to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly," "The Lifeman is never caddish himself," Potter has cautioned, "but how simply and certainly, often, he can make the other man feel a cad." To this end, he has at his disposal many telling weapons, principally, as Potter has made clear in his other works, the gambit and the ploy.*

IN GENERAL I believe we have inculcated in our young Lifemen the rule that one must be able clearly to suggest either that one is absolutely healthy or, alternatively, never really free from pain. The two styles MUST NOT BE MUDDLED. On this basis all good health work must be grounded. (An effective statement, however, in the right context can sometimes be: "I have had one hundred and forty days' illness in my life." Listeners are unable, without calculation, to know whether to commiserate or admire.)

The first real hurdle to be tackled by the novice Healthman, when he comes of age, is the doctor. We Lifemen have always been well disposed toward doctors. Above all professions, except perhaps that of the lawyer and the automobile salesman, doctors have shown themselves to be apt and natural Lifemen, and their careers are built on a well-sprung framework of ploys and gambiting.

Natural One-Upness of M.D.

As some readers will not know, one of our research groups has defined "Doctorship" as the "art of getting one up on the patient without actually killing him." "Nursemanship" is the "art of getting one up on the doctor and/or the patient without actually marrying either, with subsidiary but important anti-co-nurse and contra-head-nurse gambits."

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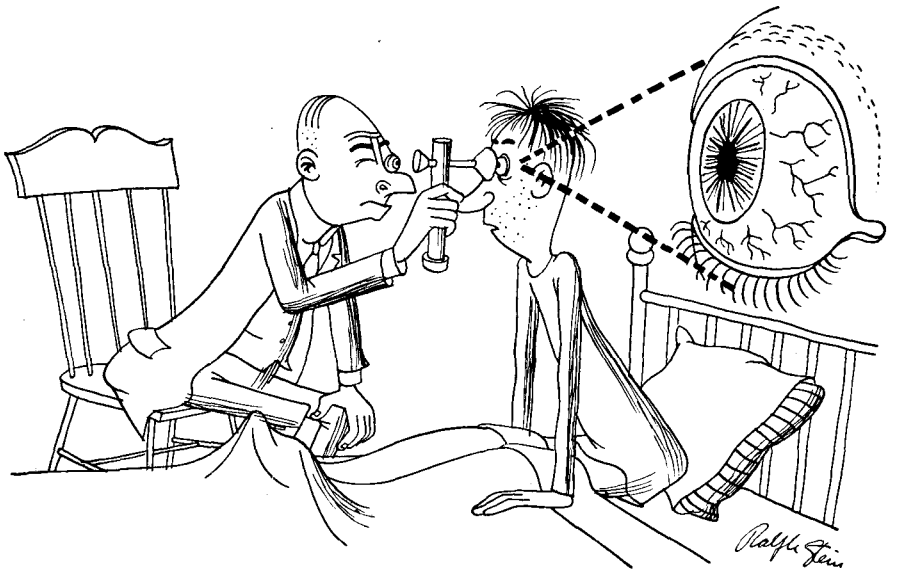

Doctors, almost as soon as they are qualified, must decide to specialize in one of four basic doctor types.

Type One is the Damn-good-doctor, on the spot, enthusiastic, breathing common sense, fond of simple remedies, and amusedly opposed to *Type Two,* the Damn-good-scientist. Damn-good-scientist prides himself on having forgotten the starting symptoms of chicken pox. He hasn't listened to a chest since his senior year in medical school. His clothes are stained with chemicals. The bulge in his pocket is graph paper, not a stethoscope. (Approved properties are a corked test tube of soapy water in the vest pocket, a tuft of guinea-pig fur on the lapel, and the use of bits of suture instead of string to tie things up with.)

A rarer but effective type is (*Type Three*) the man, continuously practical, who learned his infectious diseases in the stagnant marshes of the Naquipl Forest, where he was the only doctor in fifteen thousand square miles or more. And *Type Four* is the doctor who achieves eminence by always replying to the simplest question, "Alas, we don't know" (Reply of Unlimited Knowledge).

Natural One-Downness of Patient

What chance, it may well be asked, has the lay Lifeman against the doctor? How, once he becomes a patient, can he keep on level terms with the doctor trained in the iron schools of hospital and practice?

The doctor holds all the cards, and can choose his own way of playing them. Right at the start, when answering the patient's original phone call, for instance, he can and generally does say "Dr. Meadows speaking," in a frightfully hollow and echoing voice, as if he expected a summons to sign a death certificate.

Visiting the patient, he "has to fit him in," and is easily able to suggest that he is busier in a more important way than the patient in normal life.

In the bedroom, the doctor is tidier, better dressed than the patient, and is able to suggest by his manner not only that the patient's room is surprisingly disordered, but that he, the doctor, goes in for a better type of pajamas than the ones he observes the patient to be wearing.

The great washing-the-hands gambit is brought in earlier—preferably immediately after shaking hands with the patient, to suggest unpleasant infective possibilities.

Under the guise of breaking the ice, the doctor can then subdue the sensitive patient suffering from a stinging headache with a constant fire of hollowly exploding Pullman-smoker stories so involved in their climax that only the keenest attention reveals the point of expected laughter. Or better, he can show his familiarity with the patient's own tastes or profession by suggesting that some prized first edition "might be worth something some day," or, if the patient is an actor, doctor can tell him the story of how some years back he dressed up as Mr. Bones in the Michigan General Hospital Minstrel Show.

After this opening treatment, the doctor can then ask the patient his symptoms, let it be seen that he is not listening to the patient's recital at all, and may place his hand on the patient's wrist or, better, stomach, as if to suggest that he can tell more through the sensitive tip of one finger than from the layman's self-deceiving, ill-observed, and hysterically redundant impressions of what is wrong with him. A good ploy at this point is for the doctor to stare at the patient's left eye through a specially contrived speculum which startles the patient with a view of the doctor's own enlarged, inverted, and bloodshot eye.

The physical examination can be particularly deadly in the consulting room, when the doctor, by his way of averting his head as the patient is undressing, can suggest criticism of his choice of underclothes, socks, etc. The doctor is well, the patient is ill, and in more ways than in mere physical health.

Doctorship Basic is, of course, to suggest that the patient is worrying either (a) too much or (b) too little. If (b), a good general suggestion is that he is playing games too violent for his time of life. "No table tennis after twenty-six" he will say, or "After fifty-five, more than two games of croquet is . . . well . . ." Then the doctor can let it be known later that his father (age sixty-eight) often plays thirty-six holes of golf between lunch and the cocktail hour. "But then he's got our peculiar family gristle."

Minor-Ailment Ploys

In diagnosis and treatment, the Minor-Ailment Procedure usually recommended for doctors is as follows:

1. If the patient has spots, describe some serious skin disease seen at the hospital this morning.

2. For stiff neck, put on an obviously assumed interest, say "I'm sorry to hear that," and if the patient has been kept awake half the night by its twinges, be overheard saying to some assistant that the patient "appears to have had some discomfort," adding, "I shall not be in to lunch today."

3. When treating a cold, the doctor can go through a list of prescriptions, remedies, and a routine which the patient "must" follow, and then say, "I've got just the same sort of cold myself. They're all over. What do *I* do about

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it? Well, of course, personally I do nothing whatever. Absolutely nothing, I'm sorry to say. Just go on as if nothing had happened. What? Bed, that's my orders to you." The experienced doctor is constantly suggesting that his constitution, character, resistance, courage, and will power are in every way stronger than the patient's.

4. For patients suffering from, let us suppose, a puffy kneecap, many doctors use Modern Methodship, and will irritate the patient by asking if he by any chance keeps chickens under his kitchen window. Or a woman patient with deafness in one ear will be asked if she sleeps in the same room with her nail polish. Or the doctor will ask her if she ever relaxes—"Yes, I know you think you do. But do you ever relax your teeth, for instance?" Quite effective, if the patient has a wart on his collarbone, is the practice of examining the vertebrae or pivoting the patient's feet from left to right.

5. Opposed to this is Traditional Methodship, which consists of saying every now and then that "what she wants isn't psycho-whatsit or even deep-ray thingummy, but a good slap on the bottom."

6. An intensely annoying ploy is for the doctor to treat the patient as if he were as ignorant of any medical knowledge as a child of four. The doctor will start, for instance, speaking very slowly, with "You see, the heart is a sort of pump," and will then imitate the action of a pump, unrecognizably, with his hands. Or he will refer to the blood corpuscles as "the white fellows and the red ones." Alternatively, yet connected with this, he will give totally unnecessary technical names and then explain them—e.g., "that mild rhinitis of yours; sniffles to you." When examining a lady patient on the regularity of her stools, he will inquire, "How are the bow-wows this morning?" This is an extremely difficult ploy to counter. In my view the only thing is to answer with some intensely technical term, such as, "They looked steatorrhoeic to me," and, when the doctor looks a little blank, go on, —"porridge-like, as of course you know."

7. Many doctors, when they comprehend that the patient's complaint is of the utmost triviality, like to earn their fee by making great play of writing down everything he says in a cumbrous longhand, reading it out as they write, thus: "Says he has never had redness in the corner of his eye before, but suddenly noticed it while shaving at 6 P.M."

If the patient turns out to be really ill after all, it is always possible for the doctor to look grave and proud at the same time, and say, "You realize, I suppose, that twenty-five years ago you'd have been dead?"

Ripostes for Sufferers

The whole basic situation bristles with difficulties for the layman. How can the patient get back? Diverse approaches to the problem were attempted in the early days, only to be discarded. It used to be thought that it would curb the doctor's high spirits to ask, after a diagnosis of mumps, if he would mind bringing in another opinion. But it was soon discovered that the doctor's solemn expression concealed a delight in being able to get an extra fee for old Pettinglass. Or, "Some of the men at Johns Hopkins are very old friends of mine" might be said with vaguely disquieting intonation.

Married couples have tried training their youngest child to say in a clear voice, "Mummy, I don't like that man" whenever a physician comes into the room, and this has been quite effective.

It is occasionally possible to throw doubt on the very word "doctor." "I am, I suppose, right in calling you 'Doctor'?" Again, if the doctor asks, "Don't you think your symptoms have a psychological basis?" (always a weak ploy), reply at once: "I had no idea *that* was one of your subjects. I have always wanted a good psychotherapist and it gives me a great feeling of confidence that you are now able to advise me." Refuse to take in his worried assurance that he is not a trained psychiatrist and make it appear that you are going to tell your friends to come to him for his "marvelous cures."

It is quite true, as noted above, that the doctor places himself in a splendid one-up position merely by undressing the patient and looking at him. To reverse this advantage is one of the patient's most difficult problems. Simple ploys like asking the doctor to help you take your socks off are of little effect. If you can solve the difficult timing problem, it is no bad thing to arrange to be rung up by an urgent female voice when the undress is likely to be at its most complete; then answer the telephone still unclothed and become involved in a long conversation, obviously with some very attractive girl, and burst out into long laughter with her on the phone, slapping your bare thigh and shouting: "This is colossal! Tell me more!"

Some patients go to extraordinary lengths to make the doctor feel awkward on these occasions. When dressing, for instance, they will roll their collar stud under the doctor's couch, grope for it, and appear to "find" a small medicine bottle half full of crème de menthe, or a set of not very new false teeth embedded in a meringue. It only remains to ask "Is this yours?" in a dry tone, and the patient will usually find that the balance has been restored in his favor.

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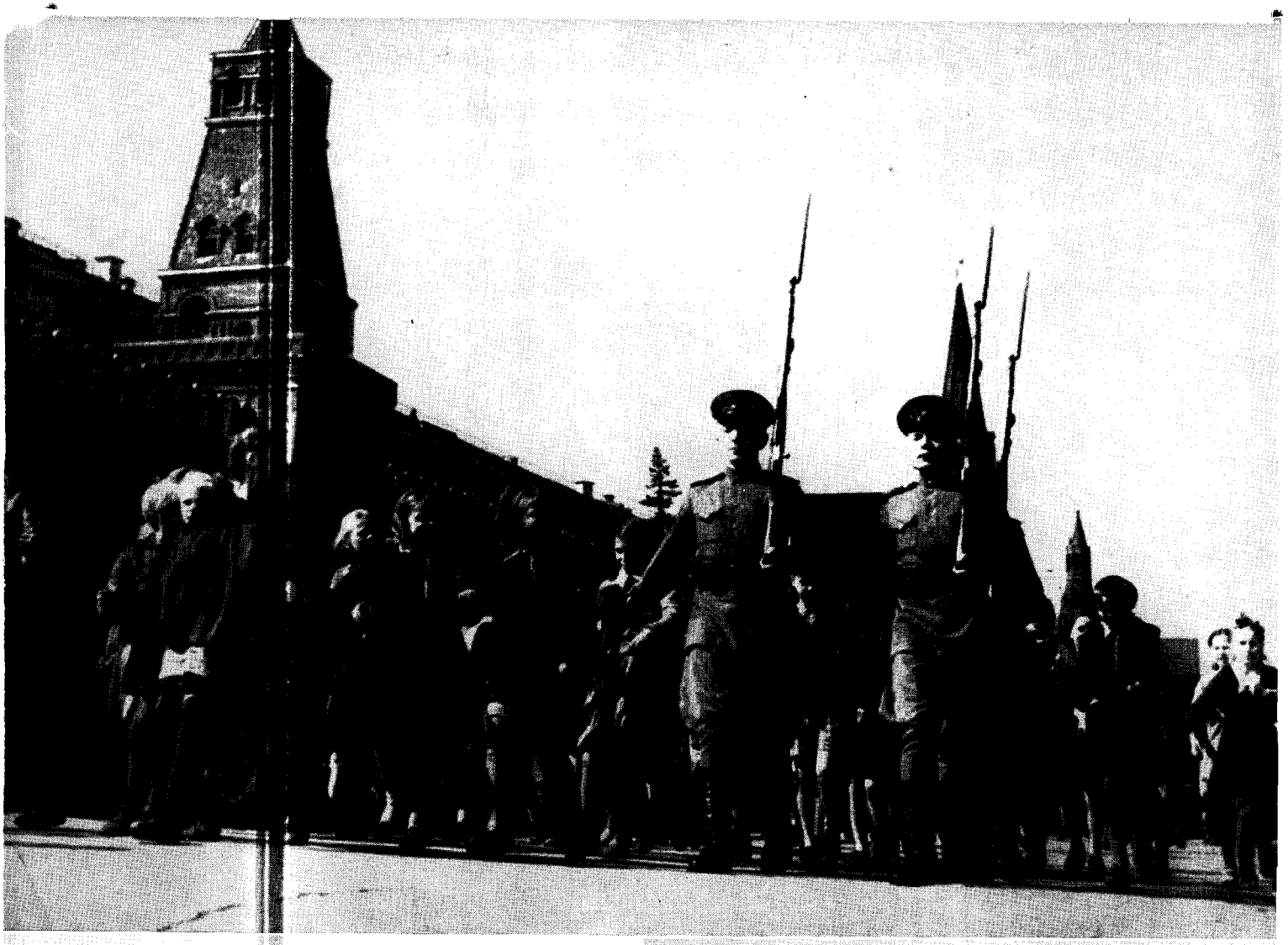

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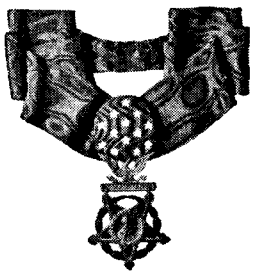
Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

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